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October, 1961, Vol. 30, No. 6

True ADVENTURES

EXCITING NEW MAGAZINE WITH TRUE, SENSATIONAL STORIES FOR MEN!

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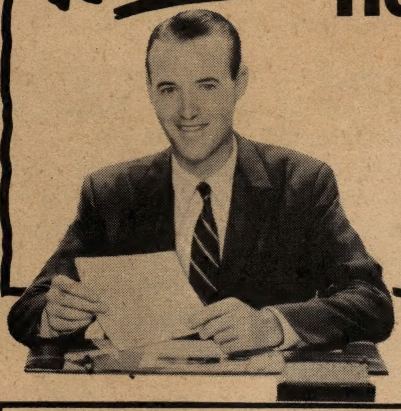

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GAGS FOR STAGS

Did you ever make up an original stag gag? If so, send it to the editor of TRUE ADVENTURES, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You will get a free year's subscription if we use it. Sorry, but we can't return unused material.

A lady, after 20 years, decided to join the church. As the deacons plunged her into the lake the first time, she gasped: "I believe."

On the second she chattered: "I believe."

A third time, gulping for air, she sputtered: "I believe."

"You believe what, Sister?" asked one of the deacons.

"I believe you stinkers are trying to drown me," she replied testily.

"How much, exactly, did he deposit?"

* * *

And then there was the mother flea who was crying because her son was going to the dogs.

* * *

St. Peter and St. Thomas were playing golf one heavenly day and St. Peter's first drive was a hole in one. St. Thomas stepped to the tee and also scored a hole in one.

"All right," said St. Peter, "let's cut out the miracles and play golf."

* * *

Sue, the real cute chick, had entered the boat house with a pair of oars under her arms. "Guess what," she said to a girl friend, "I just made the crew!"

* * *

Definition: MADAM: For whom the belles toil.

* * *

See the cute little duckling,
No wonder he wears a frown.
For he has just discovered
That his first pair of pants are down.

Phil Lospher says: Some gals believe love shortens life so they try to become complete angels over night.

* * *

He: How do you know he was a gentleman?
She: I just saw him come out of the men's room.

* * *

Never marry an astronomer. He's ever searching for heavenly bodies.

* * *

Couple of wealthy ladies were out for a drive through the country. One of them made the annoying discovery that she had quite a run in one of her stockings. Arriving at a small general store, they entered in a rather grand manner. As the old storekeeper came up to wait on them, the lady with the run asked if he had any hose in stock.

"Yes, Mam," he replied as he pointed to a coil of garden hose.

"Oh, my, no," explained the dame. "What I mean is hose to wear. The vulgar of it is stocking."

"Well, we have some of that, too," said the old man as he displayed his limited supply of stockings.

Selecting a pair of the desired color and size the lady remarked: "I guess these will have to do. How high do they go?"

The old fellow responded slowly: "Up to a dollar and a half—and the vulgar of it is clear up to your backside."

* * *

A new instructor in a mental institution was giving his first lecture.

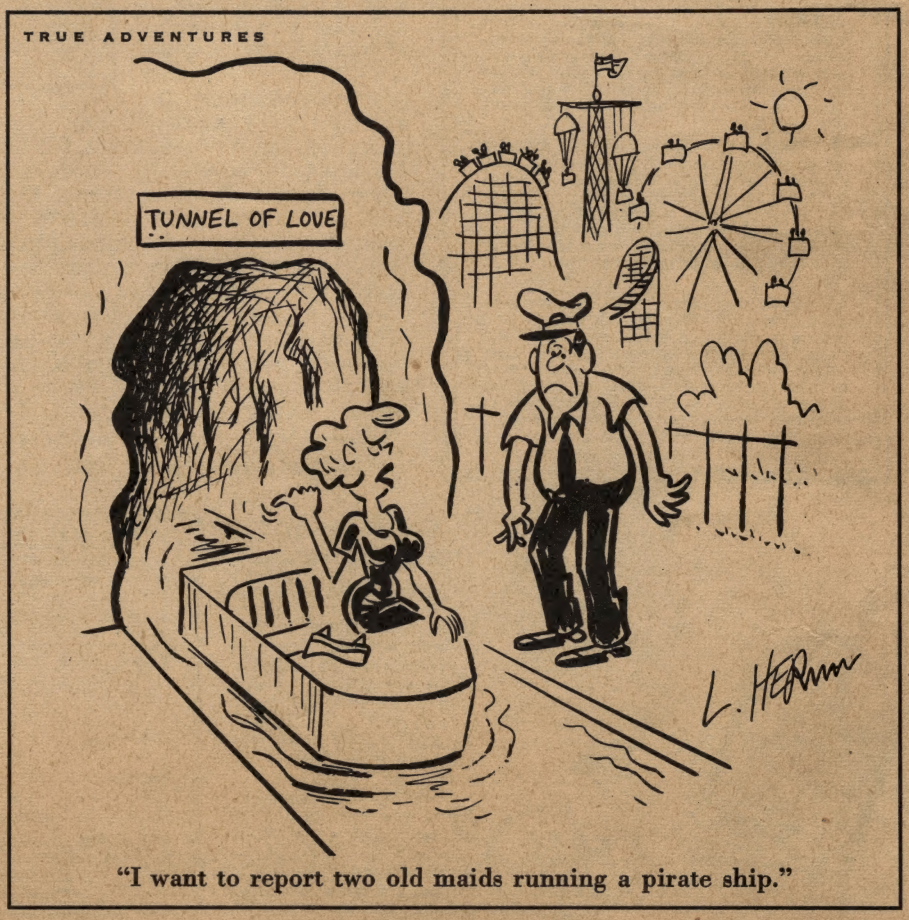
Temporarily forgetting his position, he asked, "Gentlemen, why are we all here today?"

"Cause we're not all there," quipped a nut from the rear.

* * *

The little girl turned to her younger sister and asked, "If you're so smart, who made you?"

"Do you mean originally, or recently?", queried the younger of the two.



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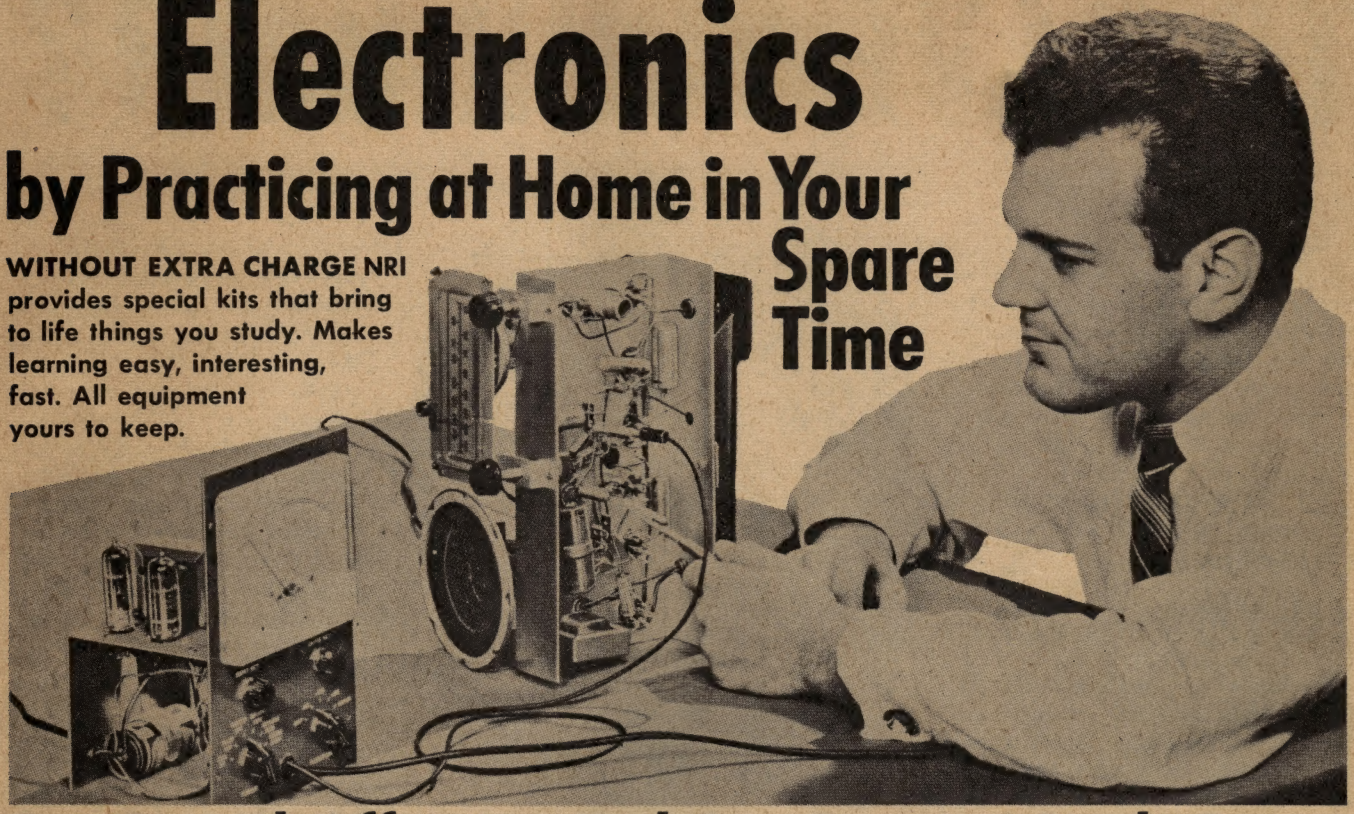

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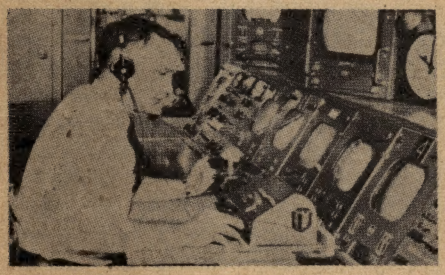

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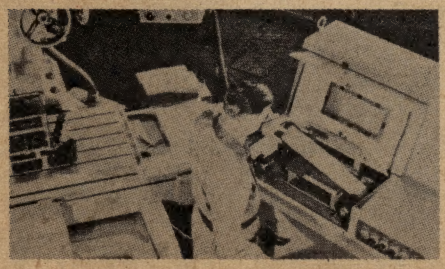

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J. M. SMITH
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After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. Now I am chief engineer at Station WARA.

NRI was a wonderful foundation. RAYMOND D. ARNOLD, Attleboro, Mass.

Thanks to NRI I am in a top position with the Federal Aviation Agency in the Navaids Electronic Section. JOE DUCKWORTH, Fort Worth, Texas

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Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. They also believe that most all hair loss is the result of male pattern baldness, about which nothing can be done. So, if your hair loss is of this type, no product can help you.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

But your hair loss may be caused by a common scalp disease called seborrhea. Read the rest of this statement carefully because if you have the symptoms of seborrhea the following information may add years to the life of your hair.

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are the symptoms of this scalp disease. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebacious glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

But, today seborrhea can be controlled — quickly and effectively — by treating your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills these three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal growth. This has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 550,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back-Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance. Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. *Try it at our risk.* In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look more attractive and alive. Your hair loss due to seborrhea must stop. If your hair loss is the predominant male pattern baldness type, which neither our product nor anything else will help, accept Double Your Money Back for your trouble. If your hair loss is due to seborrhea, you must be delighted with the results. You must be completely satisfied, or simply return the unused portion for your double refund. We take all the risk. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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SEAPORT

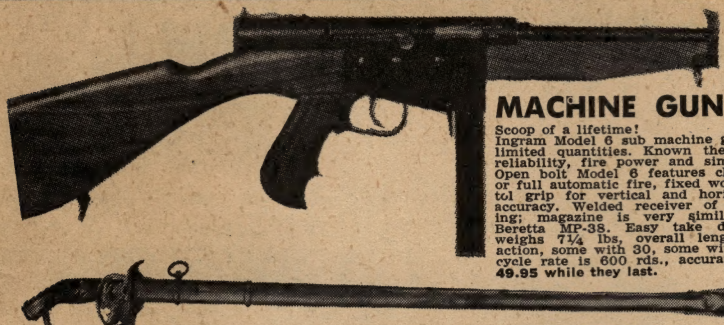
U.S. .30 M1 CARBINE $79.87

w/scope $84.95

Just released! Semi-automatic U.S. Air Force Carbines. Very good cond. with new barrel and brand-new receivers. Only $79.87 Complete with scope mounted & boresighted only $84.95, ammo 5c per rd. Extra magazine $1.50.

WOOD RIFLE RACK

Holds 4 rifles only $2.95 (Reg. $6.95 value) with any purchase



POLICE ORDNANCE

MACHINE GUN $49.95

Scoop of a lifetime! Ingram Model 6 sub machine guns are available in limited quantities. Known the world over for its reliability, fire power and simplified construction. Open bolt Model 6 features choice of either semi or full automatic fire, fixed wooden stock with pistol grip for vertical and horizontal stability and accuracy. Welded receiver of seamless steel tubing; magazine is very similar to Thompson & Beretta MP-38. Easy take down without tools, weighs 7¼ lbs, overall length 30", blow back action, some with 30, some with 15 rd. magazines, cycle rate is 600 rds., accurate at 100 yds. Only 49.95 while they last.

38 Super 9 mm

STAR AUTO. $19.95

FIRES 38 & 9mm LUGER AMMO!

Fantastic buy from Spain. Official handgun of Franco's elite La Guardia Civil (national police). Has Spanish Crown Proof Marks. Extremely accurate; Features side safety, crisp trigger pull, big partridge sights half cocked notch on hammer. Orig. factory grips. Fast, easy takedown, 8 capacity magazine. Good condition! Wt. 38 oz. Comes in orig. new factory box with cleaning rod & extra clip. Reg. $75 value . . only $19.95. Box of 64 9mm Luger Ammo $3.84. Holster $3.95.

FOUND! SWORDS FROM THE CIVIL WAR ERA (100 yrs. old) $7.50

A collector's find. Just received new shipment of swords dating back to the Civil War period. All kinds, all shapes. First come, first served. Some with handguards — some without. Many with brass hilts, some with carved hilts, some with scabbards, some without. Great for equipping a drill company or for commemorating a bygone era. Only $7.50 ea. Pr. $13.95. 4 for $24.95.

GENUINE MEXICAN LONGHORNS

These wild-eyed critters were introduced to the Americas back in 1521 at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Horns are hand-polished to a smooth-as-silk surface. Leather centerpiece is genuine hand-tooled cow-hide. Choice of dark or light brown leather.

Each set has its own individual markings yet appears approximately as set shown. Makes a wonderful conversation piece when placed above fireplace, mantel, over bar or in den.

*Note these EXTRA Long Horns are very rare, only a few available.

Special Offer 4½ Approx. $24.95

Supply Limited 5½' - 6½' 29.95 6½' - 7½' 34.95

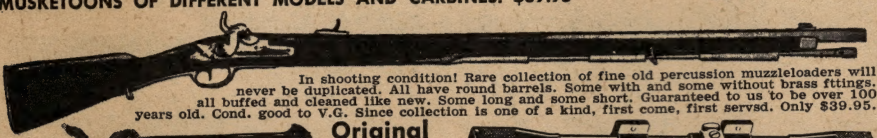
30/06 P 17 U.S. RIFLES $29.95

With 4X scope and mount $37.95

Fresh from U.S. Govt. cases . . . virtually unfired. 30/06 cal. U.S. ARMY model 1917 Rifles. All milled parts. All N.R.A. VG OR BETTER. Only $29.95. Order gun and get a beautiful gun rack that holds 4 guns (regularly $6.95) for only $1.95 more. Sorry, only 1 gun rack per gun order. With 4X scope and mount $37.95

Ammo! Box 100.....$7.50, 20 soft pt.....$2.95

COLLECTORS! ANCIENT PERCUSSION MUSKETS, CARBINES AND MUSKETOONS OF DIFFERENT MODELS AND CARBINES. $39.95



In shooting condition! Rare collection of fine old percussion muzzleloaders will never be duplicated. All have round barrels. Some with and some without brass fittings. all buffed and cleaned like new. Some long and some short. Guaranteed to us to be over 100 years old. Cond. good to V.G. Since collection is one of a kind, first come, first servsd. Only $39.95.

BRIGHT NICKEL OR SHINY BLUE S & W .38 SPECIAL 2" BBL. REVOLVERS $39.95

Made in U.S. by Smith & Wessen, these fine 6-shot revolvers with swing out cylinder are terrific buys. Fine cond. inside & out. Fixed sights, with bright nickel or blue finish and sharp STAG grips. Fires pop. American made .38 special S&W ammo. Only $39.95. Holster only $3.95. .38 Special ammo box of 25 .....$1.85

Original .22 DOUBLE DERRINGER ONLY $16.95

Imported from Europe. It is an exact copy of famous Remington Derringer popular in the late 1800's. Valuable collectors' item. Fine "old world" gun craftsmanship has been employed to give you a superior handgun & still retain all the features of the original Derringer. Accurate. Shoots .22 short, long or long rifle. Checkered white grips. Only $16.95. Sparkling chrome-plated model only $19.95. Western hand tooled $450. .38 Special nickel Derringer $31.95.

YOUR CHOICE 2½X, 4X or 6X SCOPE (Mount Free) $9.95

Rugged, durable, dependable . . . and performs perfectly on ANY rifle. Extends shooting time from dawn to dusk. Distortion-free, color corrected. Lens hardcoated to U.S. Army standards. Easy to adjust windage and elevation. Easy to install. Weighs less than 10 oz. mounted. Scope and FREE mts. avail. for all rifles, $9.95. 1.4X handgun scope $14.95.

(Specify rifle or handgun make in ordering.)

Col. Colt's Frontier SIX SHOOTER $39.95

An exact reproduction of the famous 1800's single-action frontier sixshooter most prized by the men of the old west. Guns are exact size and weight as original models. Beautifully blued and set off by handsome plastic stag grips. Shoots all three: .22 short, long or Long Rifle ammo. (Regularly $47.50) at Seaport only $39.95. Matched Pair only $79.90. Single fast draw holster set with purchase of six shooter (reg. $9.95) only $4.95.

A BEAUTY! German-made ARGENTINE MAUSERS (7.65mm) $19.95

An outstanding bargain! 7.65mm Mauser Argentine Model 91 mfg. by Ludwig Loewe Mauserwerks prior to WWI under pre-war standards of fine gunsmithing. Unequalled to this day. Mauser action with single col., 5-shot mag. Straight bolt handle cocks on closing stroke. Wing safety — 29" bbl. Wt. 9¼ Cal. 7.65mm (cal. 30 Mauser). Beautifully blued with fine select quality light colored walnut stocks. (Note: Due to Argentine law, Argentine crest was removed prior to sale. Good to V.G. . . $19.95. Like New . . . $24.95. Sporterized model with 22" bbl. & turn down bolt (V.G.) . . . $27.95. With scope (2½, 4 or 6X) . . . $34.95

YOUR CHOICE .45 Colt or S&W 45 ACP Revolver

Now in excellent "like new" condition only $29.95

Last known supply. Model 1917 Cal. .45 A.C.P. Blued finish; tight actions; 5½" barrel. Free Box .45 Ammo. Free holster w/Colt. Add'l. ammo — $1.50 for box of 24. Select models add $3. Colt .45 with handgun scope — 37.50. Holsters for S&W .45, $3.95.

NEW MODEL .22 LONG ROSCO $12.95

With adjustable hammer and trigger spring. This sensational NEW 6-shot Rosco Vest Pocket .22 long revolver would be a tremendous value at 3 times its price. Made in W. Germany, it is a tight, well-made, exceedingly accurate handgun. Fires .22 Long & Short ammo. Features side gate loading, trigger adjustment, screw-in ejector rod. Has STEEL RIFLED BARREL with blade front sights. Terrific for target shooting, varmint hunting or home defense. Only $12.95. Gleaming nickel-plated model only $14.95. Leather holster $2.25.

12 GA. BREECH LOADING SALUTING CANNON . . . $12.95

This replica of a bygone era captures the thrilling excitement of booming cannon of earlier wars with its tremendous loud report. Fires by single pull of lanyard. Of rugged construction, built for years of fun and service by famous European mfr. Breech loads — uses 12 gauge blank shotgun shells. Only $12.95 while they last.

.45 COLT DETECTIVE Revolver . . . $39.95

Choice: bright nickel or polished blue. Dependable, compact. Makes excellent target & protective sidearm. Specs: Swinging-out cyl., 6-shot 3½" barrel, fixed sights, orig. Colt hardwood grips, newly blued, good condition inside & out. Fires popular .45 ACP ammo. Only $39.95. Holster $3.95, .45 Colt ammo. box of 48 .....$3.40

DETECTIVE ITALIAN POCKET AUTO. .25 CAL.—$19.95

Imported direct by us from Italy's finest gun manufacturer. Brand new! Trim, compact weapon fires powerful and easily obtainable .25 Cal. American made ammo. Also avail. calibers. .22 long, blue . . . only $22.50. Original factory blue finish. 6-shot capacity makes excellent home protection weapon. Fixed sights. Weight approx. 13 oz. Only $19.95. Nickel finish $22.50. Holster $2.25. .25 cal. ammo box of 25 $1.85.

MAIL COUPON

SEAPORT TRADERS, INC. 1221 S. Grand Ave. Dept. AMG-9 L.A. 15, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please rush me the following:

Quantity	Product	Cost per Item	Total
_____	.22 Derringer	$16.95	
_____	Swords	7.50	
_____	Mexican Longhorns	24.95	
_____	Muzzleloaders	39.95	
_____	Machine Gun	49.94	
_____	Argentine Mauser	19.95	
_____	Scope (2½, 4 or 6X)	9.95	
_____	.45 Colt Rev. w/holster	29.95	
_____	.22 Long Rosco	12.95	
_____	M-1 Carbine	79.87	
_____	.38 Star Auto.	19.95	
_____	30/06 Rifle	29.95	
_____	.25 Ital. Auto.	19.95	
_____	Frontier 6 Shooter	39.95	
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_____	.45 Colt Det.	39.95	

FREE WATERPROOF WATCH with every order of 12 or more assorted items.

TOTAL PRICE.....

Enclosed ..... cash .....check or ..... M.O. (COD's require ⅓ deposit.) (Be sure to specify & give complete ordering info.) I understand all items are to be shipped F.O.B., L.A. express charges collect. Calif. res. add 4% state tax. *For fast service when ordering pistols, please sign statement: "I am not an alien, have never been convicted of a crime of violence, am not under indictment or a fugitive. I am 18 years or over."*

NAME.....
(please sign)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Is there a Question on your mind?

JUST ASK AN EXPERT

QUESTION: *(From Mr. Bill Savory, Houston, Texas)*

Would like to know what would be the best way for a person who has little money, to learn the art of Judo or Karate. That is enough to protect himself in almost any incident. I've never been any good at self-protection. I'm six feet, 175 lbs. and fairly well built, but I guess some guys just haven't got it. I would like to excel in one thing and I think this could be it.

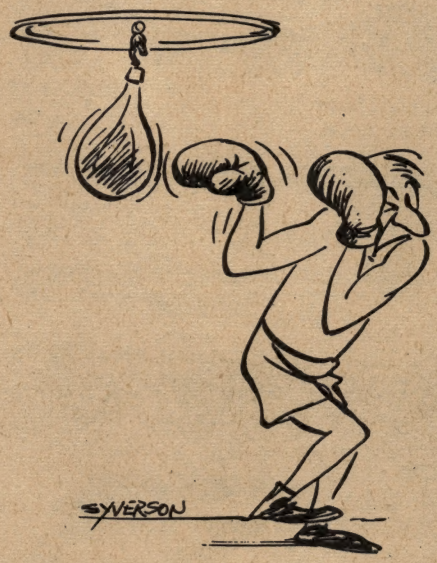
Thank you for a fast reply.

ANSWER: (By Lindy V. Avakian, TRUE ADVENTURES consultant)

Thank you for your inquiry about Judo and Karate, and the additional more intimate questions.

First, Bill, I want to answer your questions in reverse to the usual letters I receive. By that I mean, before we go into the phases of where and whys of Self-Defense I want to be honest with you about your own personal attitude, after all that is the objective in any study or training in whatever sport it may be.

"Some guys just haven't got it." I suggest that you change that to all us guys haven't got it at first. It takes effort and conscientious study to understand ourselves. Your words Bill, were said once before by me when I was in my late teens. At 195 pounds, just short of six feet, I too found myself too often asking the question why I wasn't a star athlete. The *Big Guy* is expected at times it seems to stand up to his physical stature. Well, I found that there was much more than physical power involved. That power you have in you, and many young men have had this same problem. Is the situation serious, hopeless, endless? That's up to you. But let's face the temporary situation you're up against. You've got the physical framework, that's point number one in your favor. Next, you want to learn a specialized art form. That shows that you have the desire to get ahead in spite of your present situation, that's point two in your favor. You've selected a body contact sport—that in itself indicates that you are in good control of one of the basic fears faced by many men, regardless of their age level. Point three in your favor. You say, "This could be it"—you're saying that you're ready to take a big step for self-improvement. Point four in your favor. You say, "I've never been any good in self-protection." Bill, the basic gift each of us has is that of self-protection."—you're born with it. Add it all up and you've already excelled—you've reached



the point of knowing what your problem is. It's that simple.

I wouldn't be too far off in saying that there will be some good changes coming in your life very soon. Follow your hunches, and go ahead and be the person you've always wanted to be.

Money isn't a big enough problem to stop your advancement, and I am sure you'll be able to handle that problem. In regards to your questions about Judo and Karate. Bill, I suggest that you contact your local Y.M.C.A. office. I am sure someone in authority will be able to direct you to a good instructor. In case Judo and Karate courses are not available in Houston, here are two books I would recommend for your reading.

Judo: The Secrets of Judo.
By Watanabe and Avakian.
Karate: Karate. By Nishiyama and Brown.

You may either obtain them at your City Library, bookstore or from the publisher, Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont.

I'm sure you'll do a fine job in the study of the Self-Defense Arts. Take advantage of your Y.M.C.A. Their facilities are among some of the finest. Their instructors are well-trained, and available to you for the asking. Don't miss my Reply Letter to one of our readers on Karate and Judo. It is scheduled to be published in an early issue of Adventure Magazine. Let me hear from you in several months.

QUESTION: *(From Virgil R. Welton, Bethesda, Maryland)*

I was in the Merchant Marines from 1945 to 1948, at which time I joined the Navy and been here ever since.

I'm due to be discharged in about 30 days. At present I'm a patient here in the hospital.

I was a Fire and Water tender in the black gang, but have been a rated boatswain mate in the Navy.

I've lost all of my papers somewhere except for my Life Boat Certificate. My papers number was Z642766. The Serial number for my life boat is B269683 and dated July 1945.

What I would like to know is—How and where I can get a duplicate or new set of seaman papers and how to send for A.B. papers.

I would appreciate any information you could give me.

ANSWER: (By Lt. C. B. Lemon,

You should be able to rectify the loss of your marine documents and life boat ticket by writing to: U.S. Maritime Service; Seaman's Service Section, Washington, D.C., reciting all the circumstances and giving the serial numbers of your lost marine documents, dates, ships served in while in the service.

It is possible, and also very likely, that you will have to apply to an office of: Officer in Charge, Marine Inspection, and receive an entirely new set of marine documents, as the ones you received in 1945 would not now be valid in any case, since you have not gone to sea in those vessels since 1948.

It is also suggested that you also contact one of the maritime unions as to the possibility of you're going to sea again.

I'LL MAKE YOU A MASTER OF KARATE

(Karate is the secret, Oriental art of deadly self-defense that turns your hands, arms or legs into paralyzing weapons . . . without any bodily contact.)

in just 2 hours after you receive "SUPER KARATE" you will be on your way to being an invincible Karate Master, at home, this Fast, EASY picture way or it costs you nothing.

100's of illustrations

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Special Introductory Price

WALLACE W. REUMANN

Author of "SUPER KARATE" and world-famous authority on KARATE, is the ONLY Instructor in the Northeast U. S. recognized by the International Karate Federation in Tokyo. Spending 3 years with the military Police in Japan, Reumann learned the ancient Oriental practice of KARATE thoroughly. In 1959 he was awarded the coveted 4th Degree Black Belt. He now operates 2 KARATE Schools in the U. S.

I spent 3 years in Japan learning the little-known Oriental art of KARATE, and was awarded the 4th Degree Black Belt—symbol of the highest possible proficiency. Now I'm ready to show *you* every secret I learned—and I guarantee I'll make YOU into a KARATE Specialist within hours—or every cent you paid for my information will be refunded!

You don't have to attend either of my 2 schools where I train men like you and turn them into KARATE experts. No, I can show you how to practice KARATE in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I have jam-packed all I know about KARATE into "SUPER KARATE"—profusely illustrated and clearly explained.

In this book I take you step by step through the fundamentals of KARATE so that you understand clearly and immediately how these amazing principles operate to make you master of ANYONE you may meet—no matter how big he is, or how much he weighs!

YOUR BODY IS YOUR PROTECTION!

The result of hundreds of years of development in Japan, KARATE is the Oriental system of self-defense in which you turn your hands, arms and legs into incredibly powerful weapons of *attack*. When you know how to use KARATE, you disarm and disable your opponent in SECONDS.

When you apply KARATE techniques, you can cut an aggressor down with a blow of the side of your hand. You can toss an attacker from the rear over your shoulder and slam him into the ground. (In fact, a recent photograph in Pageant Magazine shows a 115-lb. *girl* slamming her 240-lb. instructor into the practice mat!)

With KARATE you can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver, or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only your bare hands, your arms and your legs.

What *would* you do if you were insulted by a bully? . . . or if 3 or 4 hoodlums passed remarks about your girl? . . . or if you were suddenly mugged from behind? . . . or if someone came at you with a baseball bat? If you're like millions of other Americans, you'd be absolutely helpless—and you'd be ashamed, humiliated, robbed, beaten, kicked—and pitiful in the eyes of your girl or friends.

MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

With KARATE you can disarm and disable two, three and even four attackers. You can apply a simple pressure of your thumb and finger against any one of a dozen vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint.

You can calmly watch a bully come at you with clenched fists—and see him sail over your head without having had any contact with him other than with the *sole of your shoe!* When you complete my instructions, you'll be ready for ANYONE—for ANY emergency—and you will feel supremely confident of being able to handle any situation perfectly.

In fact, a knowledge of KARATE will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become self-assured and completely confident of yourself and your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a determined and confident step . . . you'll look any man in the eye . . . and you'll walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you—that you can deal with any man, any weapon, any situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact!

Costs ONLY 99¢

You owe it to your own peace of mind—to your loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time from hoodlums, criminals and "wise guys". So mail coupon below NOW for my complete Instruction on KARATE—for the amazingly low price of only 99c plus 26c for postage and handling. If you and your friends don't say KARATE has made a new man out of you, every cent will be refunded! PS: if you order now—I'll include without extra charge your personal Membership Card in the American Karate Federation.

LIFE Magazine says ". . . bare-fisted violence"

GIANT LIFE-LIKE KARATE PRACTICE DUMMY

only 99¢

INCLUDES ILLUSTRATED KARATE INSTRUCTION PROGRAM! Now you can speed up your knowledge of KARATE and become a champ more quickly than you ever thought possible! You can practice on your own personal KARATE model—just as though you actually had a live partner to work with! Amazingly life-like Giant KARATE PRACTICE DUMMY shows clearly those vulnerable areas which should be attacked. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, while the easy-to-follow instructions, included free with your KARATE MODEL show you HOW to attack. You also learn the body's major vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal weapons which you can use to deadly effect, such as edge of hand, knee, elbow, etc. Big numbers on DUMMY show you exact location of pressure points and weak spots which you can practice attacking. Order your own personal DUMMY and illustrated KARATE instructions now. Check coupon.

Only 99c plus 26c for postage.

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SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING COMBINATION OFFER!

$1.98

Order both the SUPER KARATE BOOK and LIFE-LIKE DUMMY for only $1.98 postpaid and SAVE 52c. Just check box in coupon below. We pay all postage and handling.

MAIL MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

PRECISE PUBLICATIONS, KC-57
33 Lincoln, Livingston, New Jersey

☐ Rush your special Combination money-saving package of SUPER KARATE BOOK and DUMMY. I enclose $1.98 as payment in full (I save 52c) Ship in plain wrapper. My friends and I must be delighted with my amazing new power or you refund my money in full.

☐ Rush my copy of SUPER KARATE BOOK in plain wrapper for which I enclose 99c plus 26c for postage and handling (total: $1.25).

☐ Rush my life-like Karate DUMMY in plain wrapper, for which I enclose 99c plus 26c for postage and handling (total: $1.25).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

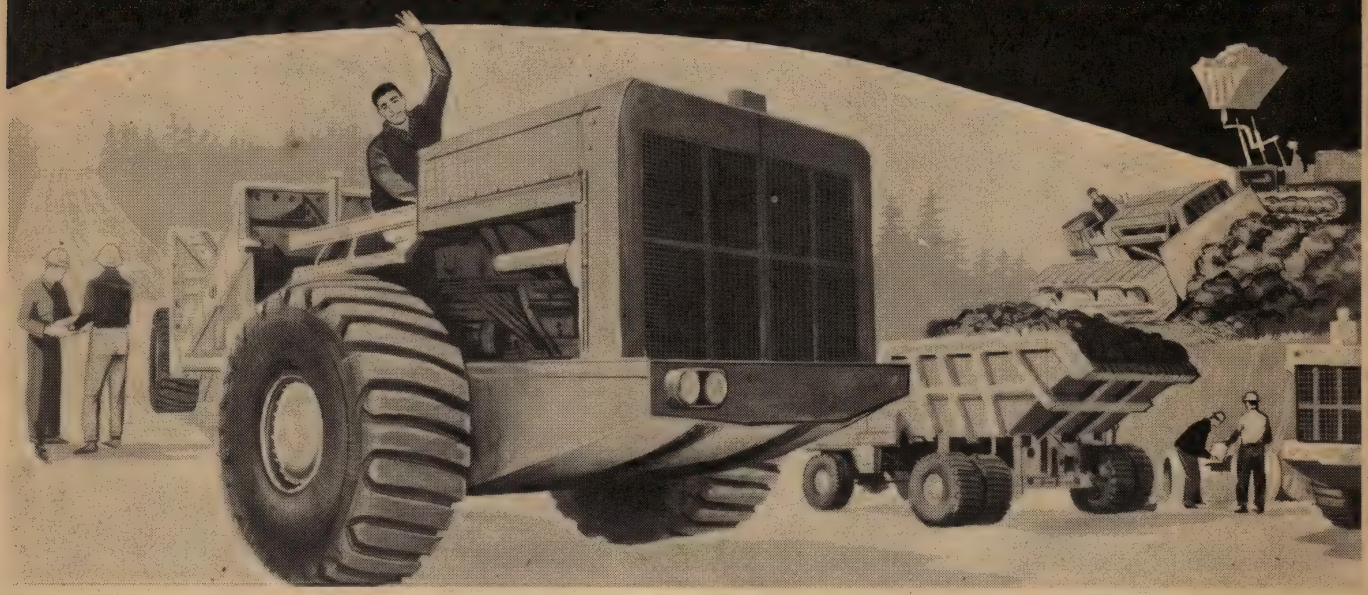
CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....

☐ I understand that by studying KARATE I am morally bound and obligated never to practice KARATE as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse it.

IF YOU ARE AGE 17 TO 45

WE OFFER YOU *IMMEDIATE TRAINING* AS A

HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATOR



What you are looking at are the wonder tools of a new age, mechanical monsters that are changing the face of the world we live in. The BULL DOZER . . . the LOADER . . . the GRADER . . . the EARTH-MOVER —these have made possible today's complex civilization.

But as mighty as they are these giants are lifeless without the men to operate them. Only under the guidance of a man's hand can these machines throw bridges over wide rivers, create dams to turn wasteland into lush fields, ribbon the broad face of our country with super-highways. Only because there are men at the controls are schools, factories, office buildings, hospitals reaching toward the sky.

This is an industry which is spending billions of dollars —yet even as it builds it is unable to meet the demand. This is an industry which is charged with supplying facilities for the explosive increase in population—here and all over the world. This is an industry which uses TRAINED MEN! And these men must come from somewhere!

Would *you* like to join these men? Do you want a TRAINED MAN'S FUTURE in the HEAVY EQUIPMENT FIELD?

Then you may be able to have it. With the complete, PRACTICAL training which the Heavy Equipment Division of Northwest Schools can furnish you, you can look forward to a tremendous future in the giant field of heavy construction—working here in the U. S. or in foreign lands.

Heavy equipment experience is *not* necessary and you need not interrupt your present schooling or job. And read this carefully: Your training will be completed on the same machines that are used on the job—*modern equipment.*

DON'T DELAY. To learn about *your opportunity* without obligation, fill out and mail the coupon. If someone has already used the coupon, just write a note to HEAVY EQUIPMENT TRAINING, DEPT NH-48 NORTHWEST SCHOOLS, 730 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Give your name, address, age, nearest phone, working hours. You will get full information.

But there is one thing that is vitally necesary: You must have a sincere interest in becoming a heavy equipment operator. These announcements are interesting men all over the country and thousands are writing in. Our representatives simply do not have time to visit those who are merely curious. They ask you for no obligation or commitment except this: *You must have a serious interest.* Whether or not you later decide to go ahead is strictly up to you.

The man who will call on you is a specialist.

He will explain to you in detail, the advantages of preparing for a future as a Heavy Equipment operator. You can make up your mind from what you learn from him whether a heavy equipment operator's life is for you. To so many men—men like you—the Northwest representative was an enormously important visitor. He may be the same for you.

The men in these enviable careers are no different from you . . . excepting that they have taken the one step . . . to get TRAINING. *The next step is yours.*

Fill in the coupon below, mail it now . . . and the next move will be ours. And good luck to you.

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730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush full information without obligation to me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Nearest Phone_____ Age_____

Working Hours_____

I SAW THE LEOPARD MEN

BY GENE LOWALL

Evil magic? Witchcraft? Jungle superstition? A little of all, perhaps. But—when a Leopard Man kills, his victim has been torn apart by a wild animal—even though the killers' tracks are human!

U.P.I. PHOTO

TEXT STARTS NEXT PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE MINNEY

I SAW THE LEOPARD MEN

■ THE body of the Babali tribesman lay sprawled in heavy undergrowth a few strides off the footpath we had been following for sweltering hours.

Although partially hidden by the vegetation, we could not have missed it. The flies!

The dead man would have been face up—except he had no face. Where it—and one side of his neck—had been was unspeakable horror of torn flesh, across which great streams of blood were beginning to coagulate.

Jean-Pierre Dozois dropped to his (*Continued on page* 47)

She didn't have a chance. This was sheer murder.

THE LADY was a TRAMP— AND LIKED IT

Hot-blooded, man-crazy Virginia Woodhull was reaping her own incredible "wages of sin"—a titled marriage, a fortune, even a mad petticoat campaign for the Presidency!

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRY POWELL — PHOTOS BY CULVER

BY JULES ARCHER ■ WHEN Virginia Claflin Woodhull was the most talked-about woman in America, a Troy, New York editor commented, "She ought to be hanged, and then have a monument erected to her memory at the foot of the gallows."

At the age of thirty she hypnotized herself into trances during which she saw Demosthenes, the Greek orator, complete with sheet. The old boy promised her that the future

Men were dazzled by this tantalizingly beautiful creature with the hourglass figure.

Victoria scored a triumph when she was invited to address the House Judiciary Committee. No other woman leader had been so honored.

held great wealth and power for her. If the spirit's crystal ball had been properly tuned for fringe-area reception, he might have been able to spell out coming events even more specifically for Virginia.

"Your career as far as a whore, spiritualist, actress, mistress and blackmailer is only a prologue," the shade would have told her. "You are going to hold the richest man in America in sexual bondage. You'll stand Wall Street on its head, as the first female stock broker. You'll promote free love and radicalism with your own newspaper. You'll shock crowds who come to hear you urge sexual freedom for women.

"You'll run for President as the candidate of the Equal Rights Party—while you're living with two men in the same bedroom. You'll expose the hottest sex scandal in America—and go to jail for it. Then you'll sleep with both men involved—one of them the nation's leading minister.

"You'll be invited to address congressmen, as America's most important fighter for Women's Rights. And you'll be invited to leave America, as the nation's biggest whore. At the age of forty-five you'll be sexually irresistible to nine-

Cartoon by Thomas Nast, from *Harper's Weekly* of February 17, 1872, had typical anti-Suffrage caption: Wife of drunkard says, "I'd rather travel the hardest path of matrimony than follow in your footsteps."

teen-year-old boys, whom you'll try to share with your sister.

"You'll be paid a fortune to get out of the country. In England you'll marry a rich aristocrat who will have to spend all his time fighting those who spread scandal about you."

Even that would still be only a hint of the fabulous career which lay ahead of the beautiful girl baby born to Reuben and Roxanna Claflin on September 23, 1838, in a filthy shack of a squalid town called Homer on the Ohio frontier. She was the seventh of ten children. She was named after Queen Victoria, a fact which, reported to Her Majesty many years later, brought a royal request for smelling salts.

To understand what made a time bomb like Victoria tick, it's important to know something of her early family life. Her mother was the bastard daughter of a Pennsylvania governor. The slatternly Claflin home was run according to daily advice received from the spirit world. Because the spirits disapproved of doctors, three of Victoria's sisters died in infancy.

Her father was a crude ne'er-do-well, seldom too proud to turn a dishonest buck. Victoria grew up hungry for the things she never got in her shabby, crowded home—money, love and attention. The craving to be noticed seemed to be her strongest drive. All her life she committed bold, shocking actions which the world found impossible to ignore.

Even at the tender age of three she knew how to win attention. When the Claflin housekeeper died, Victoria reported a vision of three angels boosting the poor lady to heaven. After enjoying the commotion this news caused, she persistently talked to angels and played with the spirits of her two dead sisters.

The Claflins had to leave town in a hurry when Victoria was eleven. Her father had insured an old grist mill, burned it down, then tried to collect. A citizens' vigilante committee, carrying ropes had invited him to move on—or up. So the Claflins moved to Mt. Gilead, where they formed a medicine show to peddle home-made cancer cures, skin tonics and bust developers.

SUCH was the character training of Victoria Claflin, who learned at an early age to live by her wits. She was no more bothered by scruples than her younger sister Tennessee, who shared most of her exploits—and men. Tennie was an even prettier and hotter number, but Victoria had the class and brains.

In 1851, at a Fourth of July picnic, fourteen-year-old Victoria met Dr. Canning Woodhull, a young physician with a Boston accent. She married him two years later, at the insistence of her parents who smelled money. Woodhull rapidly went to pieces when he discovered he'd married a lovely oddball who spent all her time talking with spirit voices that told her she belonged behind footlights, not a mop. He began communicating with spirits, too—that emerged from Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

Victoria finally forced him (*Continued on page* 72)

Here before your eyes is stark jungle horror, the Amazon's dread killer piranhas—they whom jungle men call

MONSTERS OF THE RIVER

BY COLE JACKSON

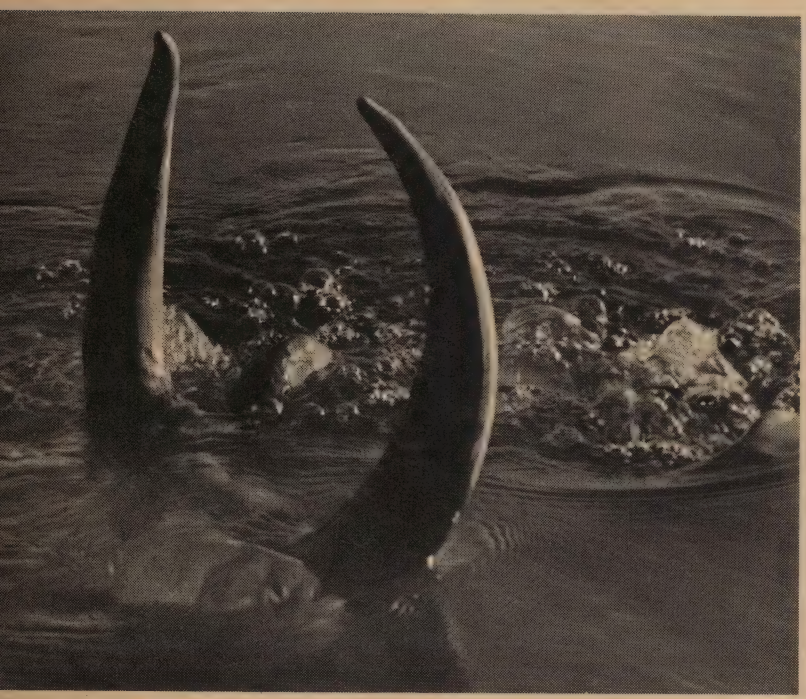
PHOTOS BY MARCEL COGNAC OF BLACK STAR

■ The sacrificial cow had been blooded and led into the muddy, sluggishly flowing river three hundred yards downstream from the ford where Manuel and his *vaqueros* would attempt the crossing with the main herd.

Gaunted from the effects of tick fever, one of the many jungle diseases that inflict cattle in the green hell of Brazil's Matto Grosso, the doomed animal was more expendable than her sleek companions, whose death, under the mallet and knife of the butcher, would at least be quick and merciful.

To her death would come in its most terrible form. She was to be *devoured alive* by the most horrible creatures on the face of the earth.

The herd starts across river after *vaqueros* give signal.



Doomed animal starts forlorn death swim downriver.

MONSTERS OF THE RIVER

CONTINUED

Voracious fish, maddened by smell of blood, tear at flesh of sacrificial cow.

And I was to photograph every pitiless moment of her agony.

The cow had reached the deeper waters of the channel now and was striking out valiantly for the far shore. The dugout canoe followed in her wake, José Mendoza in the stern, wielding the long pole, myself in the bow, holding onto the camera in its waterproof case.

The Leica was especially adapted for this particular assignment. Its case was fitted with a hollow chute that extended a good two feet above the surface of the river, which would allow my hand to reach the release without coming into contact with the water.

"They must come soon. The cattle are frantic for water," said Jose.

I turned my heard to look at the tall, bronzed *vaquero*. He was staring upstream, a worried frown on his face. Some three hundred yards above us, in a large clearing by the (*Continued on page* 66)

Twenty minutes after attack, only bones remain.

Herd swims safely over river during bloody feast.

TO A NORMAL WOMAN, SOME MEN ARE OLD AT TWENTY—YET SOME ARE IN THEIR PRIME AT SIXTY. THIS REVEALING ARTICLE MAY HELP YOU TO ANSWER ONE OF MAN'S MOST VITAL RIDDLES

HOW OLD are you SEXUALLY?

BY MARCEL MADDEN

PHOTO BY NAT FINKELSTEIN

■ AT two o'clock one morning in a comfortable neighborhood of Chicago, an irritable, nervous, not unattractive matron lay tossing and turning in bed. At her side her husband was asleep. ■ JANE THOMAS was trying to be as quiet as possible lest she disturb Stan. "The poor guy," she was thinking. "He would barely eat his supper, he was so tired, and tomorrow he's got that important meeting." ■ BUT the effort to keep still was great. ■ AT ten minutes after two, awakened. "Are you okay, honey?" he said sleepily. ■ JANE sighed, patted him on the shoulder, told him all was well, and he was back to sleep. She reached for a cigarette, lit it, took two or three puffs, and crushed it out. ■ TORMENTEDLY, she told herself, "Not again! Are you a child? Is this the only way you can sleep?" ■ NONE of the arguments worked, and Jane found herself doing what she had done almost every night for the past two months. Something that she despised herself for—the act of self-gratification. When she finished what she considered the most degrading act she could ever perform, she closed her eyes, and fell into a guilt-ridden sleep. ■ MORNINGS were the worst, though. Upon awakening, she couldn't look at Stan directly. The irritability increased and headaches didn't seem to disappear until he was on his way to the office. ■ ONE morning, Jane reached the end of endurance, and decided she needed help. At the office of a well-known psychiatrist, an authority on marital affairs, she unburdened her dilemna, beginning the session with, "Doctor, I am afraid I am dangerously oversexed—so much so, that I can't be complacent when my husband is too tired to make love to me—and must gratify myself." ■ THE doctor was not unfamiliar with this kind of situation. He allowed Jane to state her feelings, asked her some pointed questions, and then informed her that her problem did not have its basis in herself, but rather in her husband. He asked to see him. ■ WHEN Stan arrived at the office, the following week, he was visibly uncomfortable. He sensed that he would finally be brought face to face with something he was aware of, but reluctant to admit to himself for a long time, as though avoiding the thought, would keep it from becoming a reality. But, having carried this burden and realizing that here, in this office, he could finally share his secret fears, thereby lightening the weight, he resigned himself to the inevitable and began to speak freely. ■ IN his adolescense and early twenties, he was considered by his admiring friends, the "stud Romeo of the Century." It was conjectured that no girl could resist him for a prolonged period of time. When he married at the age of twenty-four, the prediction was that Jane was indeed fortunate. ■ AFTER ten years of marriage, Stan was the physical counterpart of his former self, but he found himself in a state of exhaustion at the very thought of romance. Several times he found himself incapable of making love. The fear of further weakness was gradually turning him from his wife. ■ HE was familiar with similar problems

in other men, but it was difficult to imagine himself in the same company.

Although Jane had had some casual pre-marital experience, her lack of knowledge and a degree of guilt caused her to be rather frigid for the first part of the first year of their marriage. Stan enjoyed playing the role of the teacher, the patient master, and after this period of time, Jane became more and more receptive, although she remained on the passive side of the partnership. The past two or three years saw Jane more agressive—but her makeup was never a demanding or gregarious one. The problem was certainly not that Jane was oversexed, but Stan was suffering from a condition experienced by the greatest percentage of adult males, sexual "midle age."

HOW OLD are you SEXUALLY?

When he had finished his story, Stan shrugged his shoulders, and said. "Well, I guess I'll have to finally admit that I'm experiencing a premature change of life."

The first step taken by the psychiatrist to restore Stan's "youth," was to disprove his last statement—and from there, he took the direction of curing this young man who thought he was old. The task was tedious, but not uncommon.

Actually, there is no such thing as middle age in men. Dr Edmund Bergler, in his book, "The Revolt of the Middle-Aged Male," emphatically states that "not a shred of proof has been offered that there is a biological basis for man's middle age . . ." Yet far too many young men in their middle thirties and late twenties are losing interest in their ability to love and be loved.

The idea that they are older than their years results from the oft-heard pseudo-scientific quotes that human, male and female, reach peaks in physical fitness very young. This information is misconstrued and is responsible for mass attitudes which harmfully mold men into something they shouldn't become.

Consider: In other areas of activity men do not decline in productivity. Their work efforts are on the increase into their fifties, even later.

The answer to sexual decline is definitely not to be founded on a physical basis. Kinsey, in his studies of the human male, speaks of the male curve of sexual proclivity, but pointedly notes that "it (sexual decline) is undoubtedly effected by a psychotic fatigue." Mass platitudes such as: "you're not as young as you used to be." "You've got to watch yourself," awaiting a "change of life," have led to a robot-like fear in a man, whether it hits him in the late twenties, or fifties.

Dr. Bergler emphatically concurs that "the middle-age in man, erroneously called "change of life" is purely a psychological phenomemon. Typically, it is preceded by the no less psychological conditioned sexual resignation of middle age." He adds that "physically, a man is a man for much longer than a woman is a woman."

Margaret Mead cites a perfect example of this phenomenon in her book, "Coming of Age in Samoa." She tells of a chief, aged twenty-seven, bemoaning his fate: "I have been a chief only four years, and look, my hair is gray. Always I must act as if I were old . . . I must walk gravely and with a measured step. I must act as if I were old. I may not dance except upon most solemn occasions, neither may I play games with young men. It is hard to be so young and be a chief."

All authorities are of the opinion, therefore, that under the proper conditions and attitudes, as Dr. David Cauldwell says, "Sex is ageless. It begins in infancy and continues throughout life."

It is interesting to note that a palliative for this universal problem of sexual middle age seems to lie in drastic change from previous sex experience. Kinsey cites examples of older males whose love-making frequencies had dropped materially, "until they met new partners, adopted new techniques, or embraced totally new sources of outlet."

This would intimate that polygamous activities is the answer to a lagging romantic life. Such a premise is not correct. What is accurate is the fact that polygamous activities serves as an erotic stimulus.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Bergler points out that many men, suffering from a sexual decline, will look for other women, and feel that they have taken a new lease on life. These effects are not long lasting, because the cause for their illness, sexual apathy, is still present. He says that the middle-aged man who chooses to go astray with another woman is not really solving his problems, they will crop up as soon as the novelty of the new stimulus has worn off. The need is not to have something new, but to erase the feeling of age forced upon him by social attitudes. If this is so, the stimulus will lie within the person he really loves.

To erase the harmful effects of man's attitudes is the first step toward sexual rejuvenation. The next thing is to realize and accept what is actual fact: that a male is thirty-five to forty-seven percent physiologically-biologically and psychologically younger than his chronological age. However, the effect of mass attitudes have worked to make him older by almost the same percentage. It has been found that up to the age of forty-five—fifty, the reversal can be effected, but at that point, if the attitude is held—the psychological-physiological-biological age meets the chronological age or remains at the point it has risen beyond the chronological age, and there is no turning back.

List on a piece of paper your problems and begin to conquer them, keeping in mind that your actions are controlled by your mind, not your body. And don't be afraid of living. You are younger than you think. ■

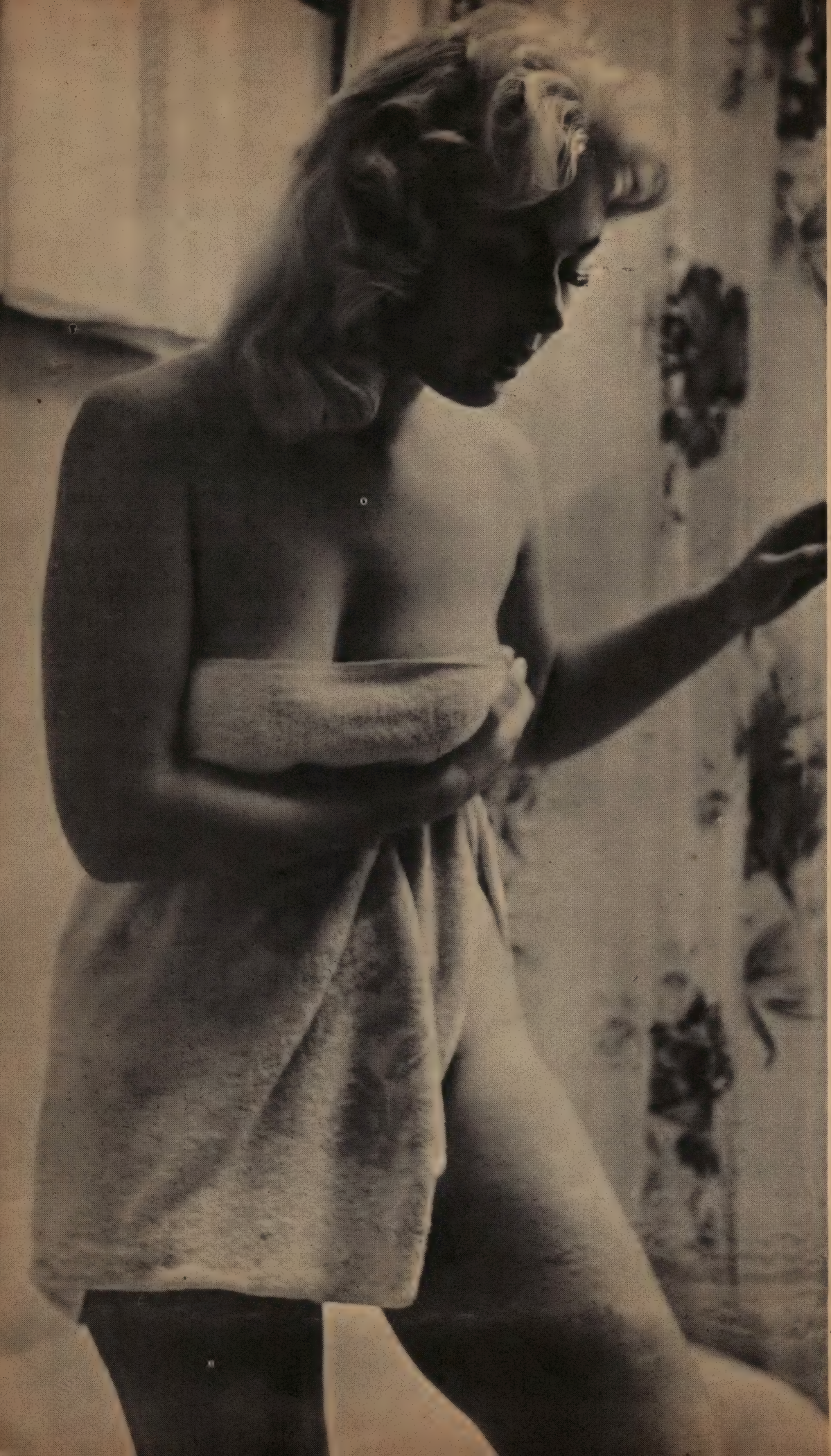
Diane-strictly platinum

PHOTOS BY GRAPHIC HOUSE

■ BLONDE, curvaceous Diane O'Brien literally dropped out of the clouds to dazzle us with these poses. (She was an airline stewardess before forsaking the sky for Florida's year-round sun and surf.) Strictly Florida's gain, it says here. One-time mid-Westerner, former co-ed at Wisconsin, Diane decided that her

platinum hair and 36-23-36 vital statistics were more startling and offered more chance for success than a college diploma—and who are we to say nay?

Although Diane O'Brien was born in Bloomington, Illinois, twenty-two years ago, and attended the University of Wisconsin, she has been a Floridian by choice for the last couple of years. Diane and Florida's sun-kissed sands were made for each other. Her favorite sport and hobby is swimming, which



she can indulge in the year round in Miami.

She now has ambitions for a theatrical career and has appeared in the play, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" at the Roosevelt Playhouse at Miami Beach. Her reviews were excellent for, as the critics pointed out, she has the same qualities as Monroe and Mansfield.

And that's good enough for us. ■

From the bordelloes of all the world they came—three thousand beautiful camp followers who had sworn to destroy a hostile British army—with weapons more potent than bullets!

DOXIES' ARMY

BY RAY COHAN ILLUSTRATED BY NORM SAUNDERS

■ In the larger of the brushwood huts, built within the protective circle of the high log stockade, Jan Mueller, leader of the revolt that was even now nearing a bloody climax, drank greedily from a demijohn of cheap trade rum and awaited impatiently the capture of a girl and her red-headed lover.

Outside in the forest, under the cold March rain, Mueller's rebels searched every ravine and cranny and drew a narrowing cordon around a small bog close against a towering granite cliff.

Bordering the bog to the east, the boiling, muddy waters of the Raritan River created an impassable barrier to escape, while the south and west approaches to the small swamp

Held by the smouldering fires in her eyes, Haggerty's blood quickened. "Who are you?" he whispered.

were tightly sealed by the ranks of the advancing hunters.

Sniffing the air with the anticipation of predatory animals, the half-savage horde searched every foot of the valley, leaving no bush, no windfall, no fold in the ground untouched.

Now and then one of the hunters would flush a victim from hiding. There would be quick, hard blows; a thin plait of swamp grass would bite cruelly into the unfortunate's wrists; a flaring torch would bring into focus a drawn, exhausted face and blinking, red-rimmed eyes.

If the prisoner was a man, the hunters would close in quickly; knives would flash in the torchlight, or a musket would roar, and the night would be torn apart by the hoarse screams of the dying.

If the search turned up a woman, she would be tightly secured to a convenient tree, held there until her captors returned to escort her to the camp in the clearing.

All of the women and young girls would be divided. Two of the youngest and most beautiful of the girls would be given to the lucky ones who captured the black-haired wench and her paramour.

"Your pick of the youngest, the most tender, the innocent ones who have yet to know a man," the rebel leader had sworn. "All I want is the wench—alive, and the severed head of the red-haired swine!"

While the search went on, Mueller paced the floor of the command hut. Over the muted roar of the river in flood, he heard the occasional scream or gunshot that sounded the death knell of some unfortunate wretch.

There was no satisfaction in the knowledge, only the reminder that the search was rapidly drawing to a close, with still no sign of the accursed witch or the red-bearded giant Mueller, feared above all living men.

Haggerty, he knew, had been wounded in the gunfire that had signaled the start of the revolt. He might now be dead, his body hidden from the searchers. But the wench—Could she have escaped the cordon?

"Impossible," Mueller muttered. He stopped his pacing and sank down on a couch covered with bearskins. Taking another massive swig from the stone jug, he stretched out full length on the couch and thought of the woman. The thoughts fed fuel to the fire that burned to possess her; and hunger crawled in his loins.

Outside the rough circle of upright logs that enclosed the camp, Annabelle Sims stood rigid under the cold, sluicing downpour of rain, listening to the sounds of the night.

Satisfied that her own immediate area was free of danger, she placed a long, slender knife between her teeth. With the fluid grace of a leopard, she climbed the stockade, her wet body gleaming luminously white against the rain-blackened logs.

Gaining the top, she paused only long enough to get her bearings, then dropped noiselessly to the other side.

She made her way quickly to the back wall of the hut where the giant Hessian, Jan Mueller, awaited news of her capture. A loud snore from the other side of the flimsy

All during that hideous night the camp reeled to a mad symphony of drunken laughter and screaming women.

wall betrayed his presence, and brought a smile to her lips. With a few sure strokes of the razor-like knife, she cut a hole in the brush wall and slipped through it into the room.

She stood quietly for a moment, aware of the reek of the cheap rum, her ears attuned to the even cadence of the drunken snores. The gloom was deep here, but the girl needed no light to identify the room's physical arrangements or guide her steps to the couch. This room had been her home for three years; she knew it as intimately as she knew the contours of her own body.

Silently and surely she moved across the dirt floor until she was standing over the sprawled out figure of the snoring giant.

Wiping her hands dry on the bearskin cover, she adjusted the palm of her right hand to the handle of the razor-sharp knife. Then, brushing her left hand lightly over the deerskin jerkin that covered Mueller's chest, she found where the material ended, just below the soft hollow of the big man's throat.

The snoring stopped, and the eyes in the dark, bearded face snapped abruptly open.

"Wir ist's?" Mueller exclaimed hoarsely. "Who are you?"

"Your bride, little one," answered the girl tenderly.

And with both hands wrapped tightly around the ridged wooden haft, she drove the knife deep, putting every ounce of strength she possessed behind the blow. There was the ugly sound of steel grating against bone as convulsive shudder racked the giant frame.

With a choked, incoherent cry and a spurt of blood against the girl's hand, Jan Mueller died.

The giant Hessian was only one of many men who died at the hand of this incredible woman who, though schooled in a convent, lived to rule more than a thousand prostitutes, and create a thieves' empire whose descendants still live a stone's throw away from the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

IT all began on September 12, 1777, when General Howe, Commander of the British troops occupying New York City, ordered labor contractor Silas Jackson of London to supply the British expeditionary forces in Manhattan with 3,500 women camp followers.

To fill his contract, Jackson scoured the bordelloes, jails, and debtors' prisons of England. His press gangs stripped clean the grog shops and waterfront dives of every British port. Running low on professional as well as amateur talent, Jackson's ruffians resorted to kidnaping women and young girls off the streets of London.

Sixteen-year-old Annabelle Sims, emerging from her father's ship's chandler shop at the end of an afternoon's visit, was one of the victims.

Rendered unconscious by pressure applied to her carotid arteries by a pair of dirty thumbs, she was loaded into the back of a horse-drawn dray and taken to an evil-smelling cubbyhole over a grog shop.

When consciousness returned, Annabelle Sims opened her eyes to a world of horror. She lay on a filthy pallet, in a room lit by a single, flickering candle. The air was heavy and foul with the reek of cheap rum. Two gargoyle-like faces hung over her like evil, leering apparitions from some terror-filled dream. Hands tore at her clothing and invaded the private, hidden recesses of her virginal young body.

She stood over the Hessian for a moment, with both hands wrapped tightly around the wooden haft.

Had Annabelle Sims been possessed with less latent strength than she now discovered within her, her story would have ended in that evil-smelling room, during the course of that night. After they had exhausted her strength to resist, the evil pair of vultures used her body to plumb the depths of depravity, and branded forever in letters of fire on her soul, the lesson that would make her courtesan queen of her time. Then and there she made a vow:

No man will ever again have his way with me. Oh, God in Your Heaven, hear my vow to make all men pay for this night; to pay and to receive nothing in return but a body without pity or soul.

Annabelle Sims never forgot her vow. On the prison ship, one of three such vessels that Silas Jackson chartered to transport his cargo of female flesh to the New World, she offered the delights of her body to the strongest of the wardens in exchange for extra food rations, a corner of his cabin, and the privilege of spending the daylight hours above decks, rather than in the dark, reeking cells deep in the ship's hold.

Once in New York, behind the high walls of the Lispenard Stockade where they were to remain confined, Annabelle willingly accepted the trade offered by his Majesty's soldiers and sailors. In no time at all she mastered the tricks of her profession, and became the most sought-after harlot in the city's history.

If ever the girl had harbored the notion of returning to her family, she had long since rejected the thought by the winter of 1783, the year Howe's forces evacuated the city before the triumphant entry of General Washington and his Continental Regulars.

She had realized by then that she could never regain the lost years, nor return to the scene of her girlhood. Turning her back on the Old (*Continued on page* 64)

Mummies stay preserved for centuries in this vault. Woman with child died over one hundred years ago.

PHOTOS BY
M. MATTSON OF
BLACK STAR

Most of mummies carry identifying inscriptions.

HOUSE OF MUMMIES

Preservatives in soil prevent decomposition.

■ ANCIENT Egyptians mummified their dead in about two and a half months, using chemicals, spices and perfumes. In Guanajuato, Mexico, Nature does it in from three to five years with no outside help.

Chemicals in the earth at Guanajuato, a silver-mining town in the geographical center of Mexico, cause about five percent of the corpses to mummify after burial. If perpetual care is not provided, the remains are disinterred after five years and placed in a subterranean vault.

Bodies that have mummified stand upright along the walls of a long underground chamber.

The mummies have no odor and do not decompose. About 100 are now displayed, some having been there for 250 years. ■

A solemn indication of mere Man's mortality.

THE LOST PLATOON

War-weary, women-starved, the little rag-tag discards of war had one last amazing battle to fight against the bloody Nazis, and were marching into hell to do it!

■ B Platoon was in trouble. Sergeant Playkoff arrived at this exasperating conclusion soon after Madame Francetti, sole proprietor of the finest house of joy in Northern Italy, successfully awakened him by dumping a chamberpot full of icewater on his head.

He emerged reluctantly from his drugged state sputtering and blowing like a spent porpoise, his head aching abominably, his eyes trying to focus on a room that insisted on rocking from side to side like a rowboat in a heavy swell, his brain trying to impart (*Continued on page* 68)

BY DAVID CREWE

ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

The three machine guns bracketed the Germans with silvery tracers. For a startled moment they squatted like sitting ducks under the heavy fire.

Officers Wilkinson and Zackary of Memphis Police Department examine murder weapons.

Mrs, Floyd Stout admitted that she murdered her husband. She was his fifth wife.

the case of the headless husband

BY JEAN CENTNER

PHOTOS BY UPI

■ NEVER before has a small-town sheriff faced the problem of crime solution that suddenly confronted Sheriff Ted Pitt of Dyersburg, Tennessee, in June, 1957.

A headless corpse might possibly turn up in any small town. But to have three citizens missing simultaneously isn't likely to happen often.

It was on the morning of June 21st, 1957, a Friday, that Sheriff Pitt got a telephone call from Hall, Tennessee, a small town just twenty miles from Dyersburg, the county seat.

"This is Nick Olen, Sheriff," the voice from Hall said over the phone. "You better get over here as fast as you can. We just fished part of a body out of Twin Rivers, right here in front of my café."

The sheriff knew that Olen's café was located about three miles east of Halls, on the bank of Twin Rivers.

"Whose body is it?"

"It's hard to tell, Sheriff. There's no head on it, just the upper half of a man's body. Looks like it's been in the water a while. It sure is a mess."

"I'll get there as quick as I can," the sheriff said. "Don't let anybody move or touch the corpse."

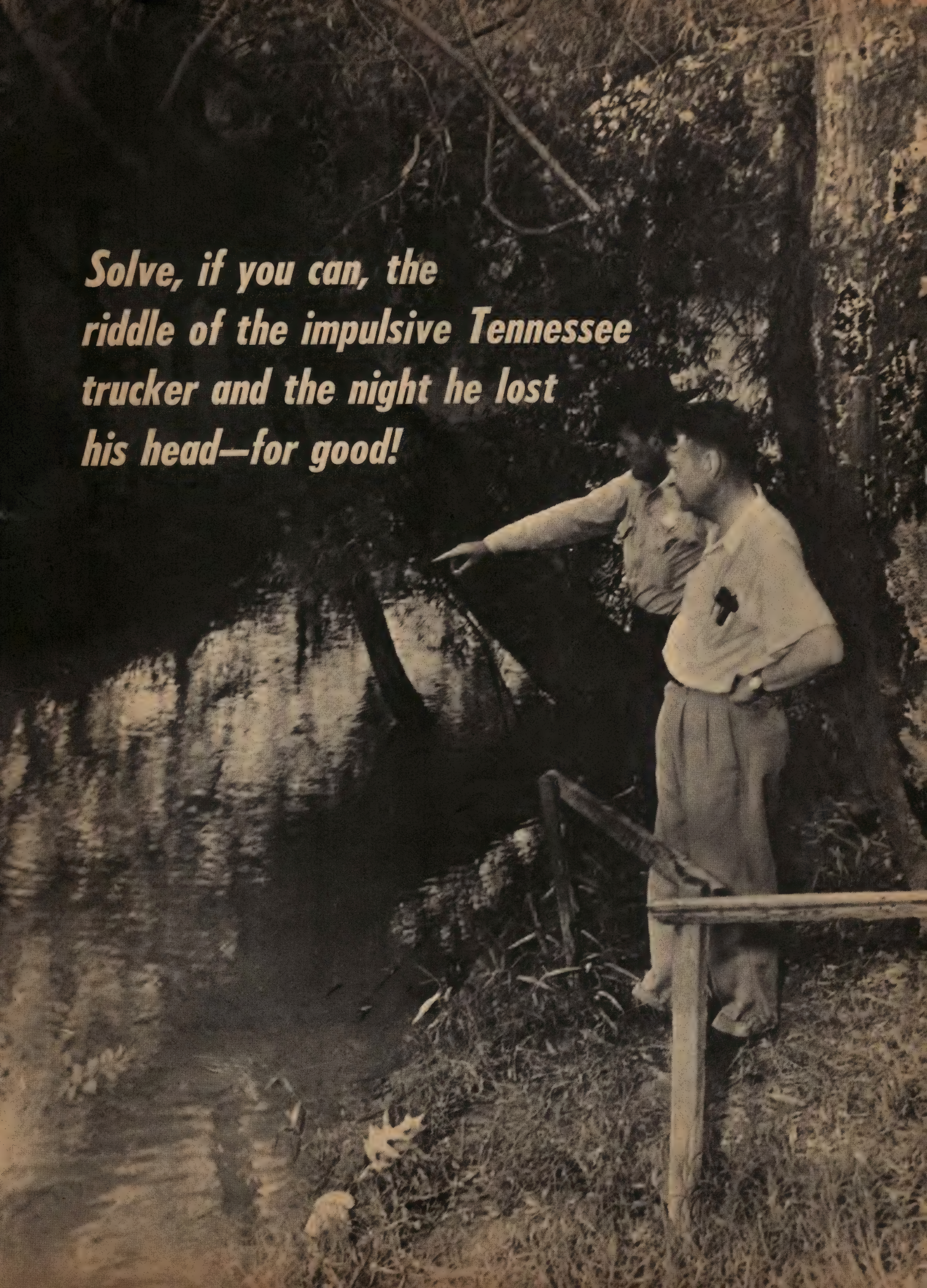
Bad news travels fast. There were the usual number of curious and morbidly curious citizens.

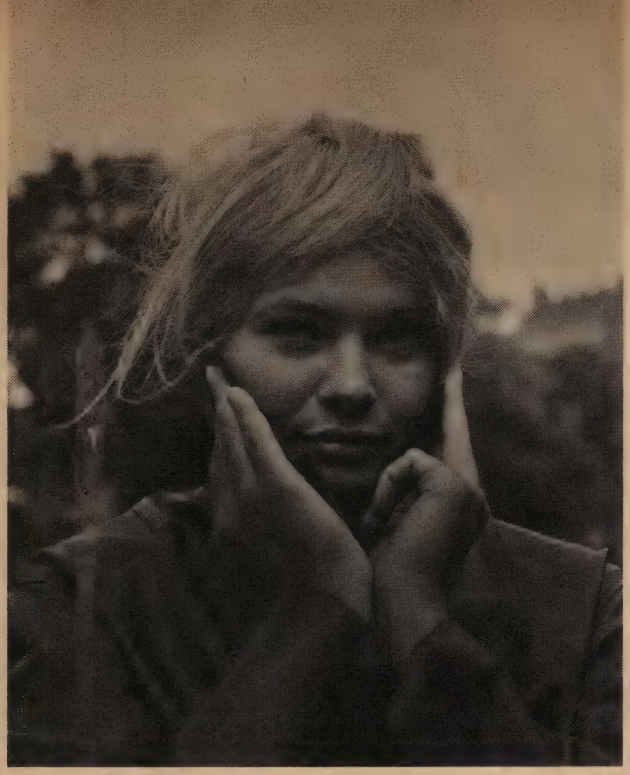
The café proprietor led the sheriff to a back room, pointed to a wet mound on the floor.

"That's it," he said. "We put it inside here because the crowd gathered so fast outside."

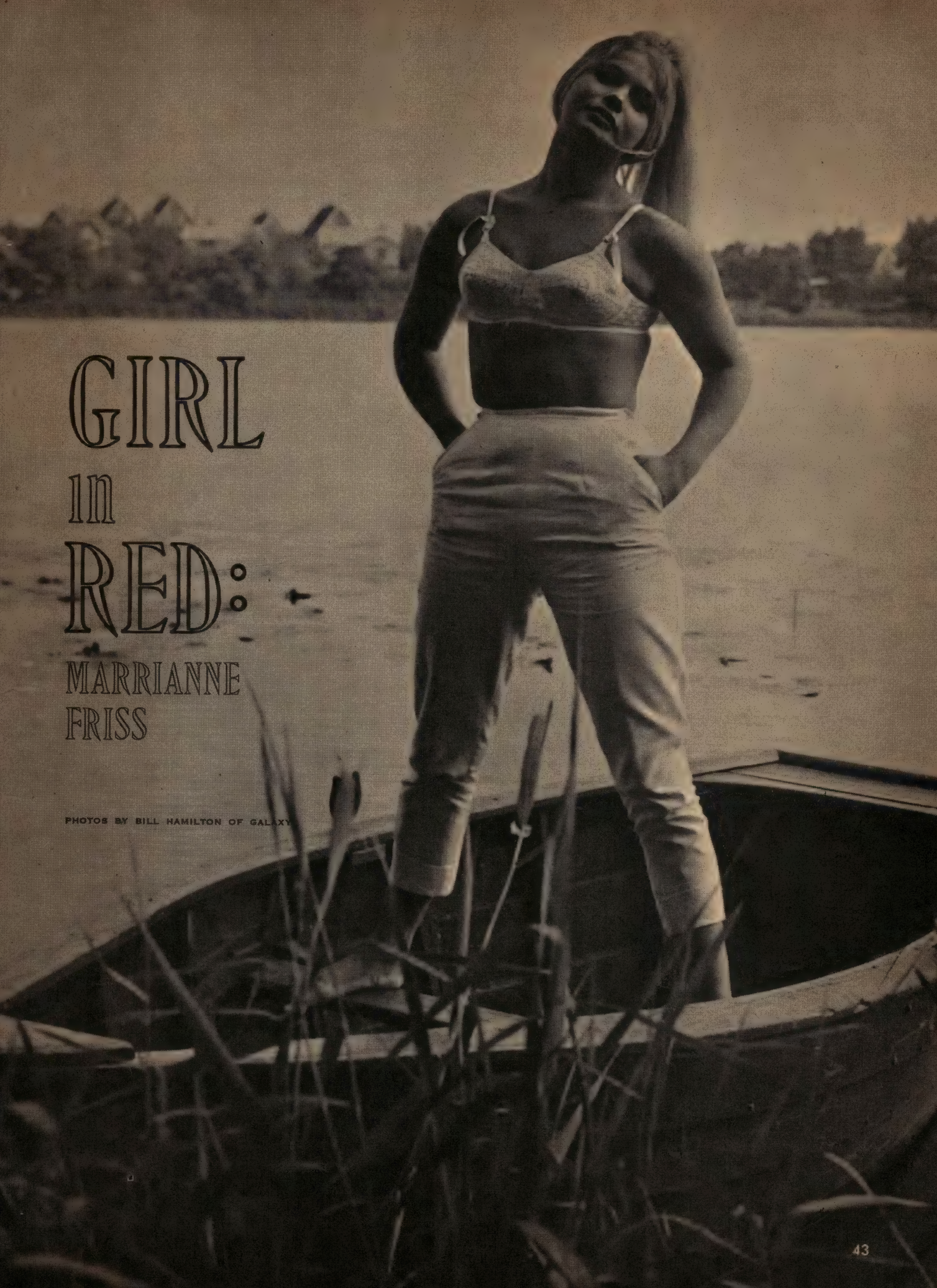
The sheriff knelt beside the wet package, examined the gray plastic covering and the strands of insulated copper wire wound around the wrapping. At one end of the lumpy package the wire had been cut. The sheriff looked up at the café man. (*Continued on page* 54)

Tennessee Highway patrolman and reporter at spot where torso was found.


Solve, if you can, the
riddle of the impulsive Tennessee
trucker and the night he lost
his head—for good!



■ TAKE a lot of girl with devastating proportions, give her a starring dramatic role in a spy movie, and drape her in a red dress that shows off to stunning advantage —you can see why the movie "The Girl in Red" had to be a smash hit on the continent.
■ Danish born Marianne Friss signed an agreement to wear something in red as long as her starring movie is exhibited.
■ Red? Purple? Pink? Our completely biased editorial comment is that, on Marianne,



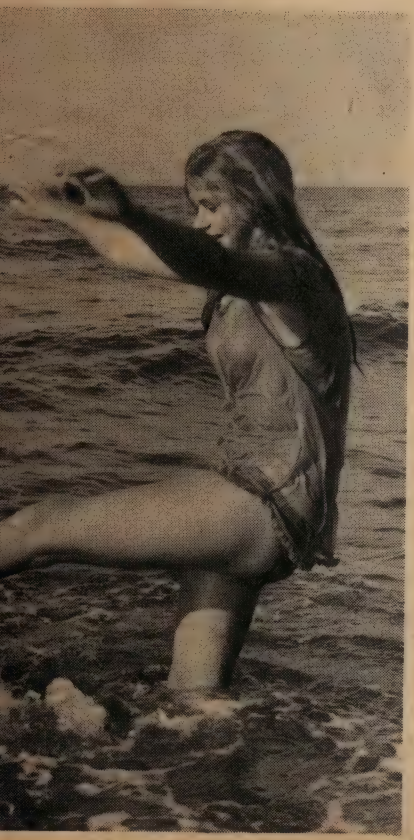
GIRL in RED:

MARRIANNE FRISS

PHOTOS BY BILL HAMILTON OF GALAXY

GIRL in RED

any color would look completely bewitching. ■ She's that kind of a girl. ■ Tall (5′ 7″), ash blonde with blue-green eyes, young Miss Friss has the assurance of her producer that world stardom is just around the corner for her. ■ Our judgement? Heck—that gal doesn't have to act. Just to look at her is enough. ■



THE POLISH WINGED CAVALRY

BY HOWARD R. VOIGHT

A Mr. Frank Cummings from Bristol, R. I. has asked us for information about two famous military corps, the Polish Winged Cavalry and the fabulous Irish Brigade. Howard R. Voight, international military expert, has this to say on the subject:

■ THE VAST flat country of Poland has always been ideal for the evolutions of cavalry and the Polish forces have from earliest times been noted for their excellent horsemen.

The Poles leaned always to light cavalry and in the seventeenth century developed the most picturesque and also one of the most effective bodies of horsemen ever brough together.

This was the Winged Cavalry of King John Sobieski. Imagine a trooper with a huge pair of wings curving from the back of his saddle and over his head. Their effect when a troop charged must have been awe-spiring. The rest of the troopers' equipment consisted of light body armor and leg pieces. The helmet was shaped like a cap with an extension protecting the neck.

Their principal weapon was a lance from five and one-half to six and one-half feet long. This weapon was attached to a stout leather thong which in its turn was fastened to the left shoulder of the trooper then passed around behind the back thus allowing the lance to be crouched under the right arm.

In 1683 the Turks determined to capture Vienna and open the way to the conquest of western Europe. An army of 200,000 men rolled without much trouble to the gates of the city and proceeded to besiege it. The imperial cries for succor fell on the deaf ears of Europe and it seemed as if the city was doomed.

It was then that the gallant Sobieski lead a rescuing army to Vienna and after severe fighting raised the siege. His winged cavalry rode over the Turkish Janissaries and made the Turkish retreat almost a rout.

After Sobieski's time, the wings were discarded and a feathered headpiece substituted. The force lived on until the partition of Poland in 1794 and was revived again as the Polish lancers by Napoleon when he promised to restore the Polish nation.

The prototypes of the Winged Cavalry were the Uhlans of the German and Austrian services. Marshal Saxe introduced the idea into the French army in 1734 and a Polk of 1,000 men was formed but was disbanded as his death. Although there were regiments of lancers in both the French and British armies the Huzzar was more their ideal of light cavalry.

* * *

James II, striving to reseat himself on the English throne, lost the battle of the Boyne and one by one the Irish towns surrendered to the forces of William until only Limerick held out for the Stuarts.

When Limerick capitulated, the entire Irish army that had defended the town passed over to France. It was this force that formed the famous Irish Brigade in the French army and for the next 100 years they maintained their reputation as the toughest troops that ever served anywhere.

The Convention of Limerick made this Irish exodus possible, for by the provisions of this treaty Irishmen captured, when fighting against England, were to be treated as prisoners of war and not as rebels against the English Crown.

Before the Convention was signed Irishmen had been serving under Louis but they were liable to execution if captured. At this time an Irishman could hold no civil appointment. At home he could not serve as either a private or an officer in the army. He could not hold land. The most trifling offence rendered him liable to prison or death. He could not sit in the Dublin parliament nor could he vote at elections or carry out the offices of his religion and it was this fanatical persecution by the English government that kept the Irish faithful to the Stuarts.

Throughout the English reigns of William, Ann and the Georges, the Brigade was a thorn in the side of the British military. At Cremona they held the city when it seemed as though Eugene had carried it. At Blenheim they alone wrecked the allied arms. They served at Ramillies and Oudenaarde and it was not their fault that there were English victories.

Hardly a battle siege or defense of a city for a hundred years but saw elements of the Brigade.

Their heavy losses were made up by the constant exodus of Irish lads from their native land—the Wild Geese as they were termed. The Earl of Clare, Lieut. Gén. O'Mahony, Dillon and dozens of other officers earned undying fame in these years.

The Irish enthusiasm for the French arms was based upon their feeling that Louis XIV would reseat the Stuarts upon the British throne but as the years wore on, they gradually knew that Louis was simply using them as a pawn for his own schemes.

The British wisely began removing the restrictions that had made Irish life intolerable and in 1774 Irish Catholics were permitted to qualify as subjects of the Crown. In 1775 they were permitted to enlist in the army.

The lifting of restrictions stopped the flow of Irish youth to France and the Brigade finally disappeared. ■

LEOPARD MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

haunches beside the corpse. After a moment of hurried scrutiny he shoved his stained and flop-brimmed bush hat to the back of his head and sopped with a fold of his neckerchief at rivulets of sweat that were drenching his features from brow to whiskers. Then, casually as though he were examining a pair of socks on a store counter, he picked up an outflung wrist of the prostrate corpse, lifted the arm a few inches and let it drop limply back into the trampled jungle vines.

"Dead less than an hour," Dozois grunted. "Still warm."

He lashed with his hat at a swarm of insects that were beginning to buzz back above the body. The crows' feet at the corners of his eyes deepened as his glance roved the area around our grisly find. In spite of my familiarity with violent death, I felt myself shivering amidst the jungle heat.

I had reason to be afraid. We had no rifles. We had lost them along with most of our other gear, including my camera equipment, in a near-disastrous canoe mishap the night before.

I eyed the trampled vegetation in the glade and the marks through it leading back to the jungle trail. It was plain the victim had been dragged, or perhaps even had fought his way from the path to the place where we found him.

The dead man had been an excellent specimen—thick-set, well muscled, young. His upper body was bare. A sort of crude cummerbund of dirty purple cotton material was wrapped several times around the mid-section, extending down to and inside the waistband of a pair of faded denim shorts. Girding these was a wide thong from which dangled a couple of leather pouches and a sheathed knife with a ten-inch blade. No other weapons were in view. The feet were bare. Tarnished brass anklets clinked as we prepared to move him.

Gingerly, I crouched beside Jean-Pierre and helped him heave the body over in the bloody vines. What the move revealed made me shudder even more.

Gaping clear to the rib-cage in the fleshier section of the upper back was a wound twice the size of a man's fist. It appeared to have been ripped rather than cut away. There was no trace of the flesh that had been torn out.

Jean-Pierre rose erect, hitched at his gunbelt and unfastened his holster strap. His narrowed eyes were expressionless as he glanced beyond the corpse into the eternal gloom of the rain forest.

As if almost to himself, he muttered, "Long time since I've seen this sort of thing—the *anyota* . . ."

The word startled me. I'd heard it mentioned with increasing frequency in months just past, always in a tone of awe. The *anyota* of the Ituri jungle—the fabled "Leopard Men" of the Congo. I had taken the stories with a hearty pinch of salt as just some more hysteria that had mushroomed from the bloody uprisings of the past year in what had been the Belgian Congo. A likely story, I had assured myself, that the ancient and dreaded "murder cult" of Equatorial Africa with an origin lost in time was still a-prowl.

Dozois was poking busily among the undergrowth. His toe turned up a rifle. It was new and in excellent condition. He slid back the bolt. The weapon was fully loaded. Together we looked it over carefully.

"Czech make," Jean-Pierre noted. "German issue of World War Two. Millions of 'em, brand new, were grabbed by the Russians at the end of the war. They've been turning up all over Africa lately."

He shot the bolt closed and tossed the rifle back into the thicket. I started to object.

"Mightn't we be needing it?"

Dozois snorted. "We got troubles enough without getting nailed with *that* thing if we get stopped. We're just unlucky travelers trying to get home. Remember? Not Commie-paid guerillas . . ."

I felt unseen eyes boring into my back from a dozen directions.

"You mentioned he's been dead less than an hour," I said. "That could mean your Leopard Man might still be behind the nearest tree, right now. Where does that put us? Next in line?"

Dozois shrugged.

"We're probably safe, for now. Once the *anyota* has made his kill, and eaten some of his victim, it's all over. He's no longer a 'leopard.' The shock of killing, and the ritual cannibal routines destroys the murder trance. Right now he's probably hot-footing it for wherever the hell he came from."

Jean-Pierre hunkered down again and motioned to me.

"Come on," he said. "Let's roll him back over. I think I have an idea."

That revolting job accomplished, Dozois unsheathed his own knife and slit the purple commerbund.

"Just what I figured," he grunted.

Across the brown expanse of abdomen he had bared were four parallel scars, about an inch apart. They ranged diagonally downward from just to the right of the navel line to a couple of inches above and to the left of the groin. They were obviously a good many years old. The cicatrices had healed a muddy white against the dark skin. Just below them the body was encircled by a G-string contraption—made of leopard skin!

Jean-Pierre pointed casually to the scars with his knife.

"Our friend was one of 'em. His number came up."

"Why?"

"Who knows? Maybe it was just settlement of some old score that this poor slob didn't even know about. Or maybe it was something else—something a hell of a lot touchier."

"Like?"

"This leopard man revival lately has been stirred up a long, long ways outside the Ituri. In Russia or Red China, maybe. Just to keep this Congo mess boiling over until the time is ripe to stretch the Iron Curtain some more."

That I, could understand. I had not spent ten months in Africa—posing (let's put it) as a geologist and mineral scout for some far-

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removed interests best not identified in this account—just to look at rocks. I was completely aware of the hellish lengths to which power politicians in some sectors of the world are prepared to go to grab off Africa and its treasures.

He rose and started wading back through the tangle of ground cover to the trail.

Our immediate goal was Leopoldville, a change of fungus-ridden clothing, a fresh supply of money and blissfully safe passage in the reasonable direction of Idlewild Airport.

"What do we do about that back there?" I asked as we panted our way long the obviously seldom-trodden trail.

"We'll tell The Champ," Dozois flung back cryptically. "He can take care of *everything.*"

In our days and nights together on the dodge through the Congo of early 1961, I'd heard much from Jean-Pierre about "The Champ." He was the patriarch, procurer, and chief of a tiny village tucked away in the jungle near the banks of the Kasai River. That village was now only a couple of hours ahead of us down the trail. It marked the start of the last lap in our freedom flight.

"The Champ takes care of everything," Jean-Pierre had told me repeatedly. Somehow I had gained an impression that he and "The Champ" were closer than met the eye.

DOZOIS strode ahead of me along the path with no more outward concern than if the *anyota* were stay-at-home Martians. He was in a voluble mood and, to my considerate apprehension, spoke out his thoughts in tones much farther reaching than the stage-whisper pitch my own voice had taken on since we had found the body beside the trail.

Among various anecdotes relating to survival, love life and the futilities of Manhattan Island, he told me much about the age-old murder cult of *anyota,* the "Leopard Men."

Originally the sect (a semi-spiritual, semi-sexual "society of death," served principally as strong-arm boys for tribal kings. They delivered made-to-measure murder. Fortified by a ritual calculated to inflame every violent passion known to man, an agent of death could be dispatched by the cult on short notice, to liquidate—and *eat*—anyone with whom the boss might be annoyed.

In a sense, the "society" somewhat resembled the *thugs* of India, the *bushida* of ancient Japan, the *camorra* of Italy and Spain, and other cults dedicated to violent erasure of human life. The vows taken by novitiates in all these groups are remarkably akin. To the *anyota,* death is symbolized in the leopard, a beautiful, all-powerful instrument of destruction.

When the leopard kills, there is no rhyme or reason for his act. He kills whatever fate sends his way, eats just a little of his victim and goes his way.

Almost never does a leopard kill merely to satisfy hunger. The *anyota* worship him as an avenger—a messenger completely disinterested in the life it takes except to consume a physical token of that life. That is why the true *anyota* assassin is, usually, a stranger to his victim.

Although outlawed in the Congo by the Belgian government, on penalty of hanging, reports of the practice (and its cannibalism requirement) keep cropping up. Activities of so-called "Leopard Men" became extremely prevalent in remote areas of the Congo in late 1960 and early 1961.

The pattern of assassination follows a ritual almost identical with that through which a novitiate is admitted to the cult. In both, the selectee is stripped, bound to a stake, and plied with huge doses of primitive narcotic and aphrodisiac potions. Thus drugged, he is forced to witness an orgy beyond description. Then he is required to violate and ultimately murder a human sacrifice.

Finally, he is armed, and sent on his mission of assassination.

The armament is a "claw" symbolic of the lethal forepaw of his namesake. It is an obscene form of "nailed fist," with four talons that represent the claws of the leopard. In antiquity, the spikes were the actual talons of a jungle cat, honed to razor sharpness. In the past fifty years, "claw" discoveries have been turned up in which the talons were made of steel.

Crazed with the drugs and the partially fulfilled aphrodisia of the orgy

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he has been forced to watch, the killer takes the trail of his quarry, stalks him and ultimately pounces. He severs the jugular with one rip of the terrible claw, defaces the victim beyond recognition and completes the last hideous rite.

We made it to the village shortly before nightfall and met The Champ.

He was dressed in a nightmarish conglomeration of native and European attire, with a touch of U.S. influence showing here and there. His age was indeterminate, except that he was clearly of venerable years. I had sufficient African savvy to know he was of the Babali tribe, but not enough to follow the torrent of Swahili with which he greeted Jean-Pierre.

The Champ also had a smattering of fairly passable French and a few words of gents'-room English. He was very proud of them and took every opportunity to keep me filled in with what he and Dozois were discussing.

They talked and talked and talked. At last The Champ rose and barked out a string of orders. Eight stalwarts, armed with machete-like knives, stepped forward, listened briefly and melted away into the jungle twilight. Dozois got up off his haunches and strode over to where I sat, trying to make the best of a couple of tin plates of steaming God-knows-what given me by the village women.

"The killer was a phony from outside the club," Jean-Pierre said. "Probably another Commie-happy hatchet man paid off to keep the local bosses in an uproar. The rifle was the tipoff. Nobody here could afford even a cartridge for a gun like that. The posse you just saw leaving is supposed to head him off at the pass—whatever it is they say back where you come from—or else. Somebody isn't coming back alive."

"So you and me don't have to come back from anywhere. We sit tight right here, nice and safe. Elsewhere, until the *tn'gawa,* it spells suicide, pal. Like straight, square suicide."

"Tn'gawa?"

Jean-Pierre squatted beside me and plucked a morsel of the mess on my plate. He tucked it neatly behind the beard, munched a moment, then said:

"Look at it this way, *mon ami*. The Champ is one of 'em. So was our friend out there in the bush. He's dead. The house rules say the dead guy has to be replaced before sunup."

"Tonight?"

"Like tonight, *mon ami.*"

"What's this *tn'gawa* jazz you keep talking about?"

"It ain't jazz, pal. It's where they swear in the replacement, you might say."

"Who?"

"He's been elected secretly since the day he was born," Dozois said, and started to walk away.

I called out and he stopped.

"When is it going to be?"

"Whenever The Champ gives the word. Pretty soon, likely."

He started away again, then stopped and turned around.

"We'll be out of here, like real easy, man, if we keep our noses clean. Meantime, the red rug's out. What strikes you good, man? They make a blast of betel nut, honey and berries that sends you way out. Jungle martinis without the rocks. Or maybe one of them young broads that forgot their bra might take your eye. Anything you say, pal. Like I told you, The Champ takes care of everything . . ."

I shook my head.

"How about the *tn'gawa?"* I said. "A look-see?"

Dozois whirled almost savagely. Then he laughed.

"You on the level?"

"Never more!"

He thought that one through for a minute. Finally, with a wry grin, he said, "Okay, if that's what you want. But maybe you better think about some of the other attractions before you make up your mind."

Again I shook my head.

"All right," he said. "I'll fix it with The Champ. See you later."

IT MUST have been near midnight. My feet, to say nothing of my nerves, felt like we had been hiking for hours. There were three of us—Dozois, myself and a wraith-like figure that loomed ahead every few seconds. He must have had the eyes of a cat. The jungle was as black as the inside of a nightmare, but our guide never even broke stride.

Suddenly we saw a flicker among the trees. An instant later we emerged at the edge of a small clearing. The

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ground was bare and packed. Dozois pulled me into the shadows of a thicket and motioned me to sit. Our guide seemed to evaporate.

"End of the line, everybody out," Jean-Pierre whispered through a hoarse chuckle. "One step more and we might get our throats cut, Champ or no Champ."

My eyes began to adjust to the leaping flicker of the firelight. Then, I guess they must have bugged.

Seated on a sort of throne at one side of the fire, resplendent in a huge leopard skin that enveloped him from chin to shin-bone, was The Champ. On his head was a crown-like contrivance that looked like the fanged skull of some giant cat. Maybe it really was. Across his lap lay some sort of gadget I couldn't quite make out.

Directly in front of the old chief was a crude bench or couch of split logs. Bound wrist-and-ankle, face up across it was the naked figure of a young girl.

On the opposite side of the fire, lashed to a post, was a youth of about fifteen—stark naked. On either side of him were two girls, similarly attired. Each held an earthenware bowl and a ladle-like affair—probably a carved gourd. As I watched, each girl spooned a splashy gourdful of something from their bowl to the lips of the youth. He had to gulp it down at a single swig.

Jean-Pierre's whisper was at my ear: "It's that honey-martini-with-a-twist-of-betel I was telling you about. If you'd like a sample, I'll call room service."

I managed a stifled snort.

His whisper came again: "Take these. If you're going to be a bird watcher, might as well go first cabin. Night glasses."

He pressed a pair of heavy binoculars into my hands. Like an automaton I raised them to my eyes.

"Stay back in the shadows," he was hissing. "These people don't mind bird-watching, but they don't want to watch the watchers. They're interested in other things."

They were indeed.

When I got the glasses into focus I could see some ten or fifteen shadowy couples engaged in what appeared to be some highly erotic sort of dance. Then the focus cleared a little and I could see that the spectacle was considerably outside the more conventional concepts of mere dancing. It was an orgy. Accompanying the frenzied proceedings was a wild humming sound—an eerie chanting that sounded almost feline, reminiscent of back fences late at night in cities far away.

Suddenly the sound ended. So, miraculously, did all other activity among the "dancers" in the foreground.

The figure bound upright at the stake seemed to be straining at his lashings. The aged chief stood up and threw aside his leopard skin. Aside from the crown, he wore only a loin cloth. In one hand he held the strange contraption that had lain across his lap.

I focused the glasses on it. My hand was shaking.

It was a "claw" made of bone and steel. Instead of actual talons, it sprouted four curved steel blades, each the size of a human thumb. The chieftain raised the hideous implement at arm's length above him, threw back his head and screamed some sort of command. It was a *feline* sound.

Two men stepped forward and slashed free the trussed-up youth. He stumbled forward like a robot, glassy-eyed . . . One step toward the girl lashed upon the terrible "altar." Then a second.

Then a third . . .

For a few minutes the clearing was silent as a tomb. Then The Champ began slowly to descend from his throne. In one hand he carried the awful claw. Across his other arm was the spotted mantle he had worn. As he moved closer to the firelight, his sweaty torso came clearer into focus of the glasses.

Across his ample abdomen ran four parallel, very old but still very livid scars!

Striding forward to the "voodoo couch," the chief wrenched the youth erect by his hair. Into the trembling hand of the boy, the aged one pressed the implement of death. At the same time, he again uttered the awesome "leopard scream." The old man simultaneously thrust the boy, staggering to the edge of the couch from which he had been wrenched a moment before.

The mad, humming chant began again among the onlookers. In horror I watched the claw-armed hand of the youth rise above the throat of the defenseless girl, then lash down. This time it was he who echoed the

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old chieftain's eerie cry of command.

Either the glasses or my senses seemed momentarily to blur. Then everything came clear. The crouching boy was ripping a hideous handful of something from the shoulder of the figure on the "altar." He raised it to his lips . . .

My mind was reeling. This *couldn't* be 1961! Despite mounting nausea I couldn't tear my eyes away from the revolting ritual. I watched the chief step to the side of the blood-drenched youth and fling him to the ground, limp and apparently unconscious now. The old man whisked the weapon from the hand of the boy and brandished it once more aloft. Then, crouching beside the fallen youth—and with the deftness of a surgeon—*he swept the implement diagonally across the boy's abdomen!*

Slowly The Champ stood up, spread the leopard mantle across his bloody handiwork and motioned to a pair of huskies who stepped forward briskly with a crude sort of litter. They placed the inert novitiate on it and trudged off into the shadows.

An old woman staggered to the fireside carrying a huge crock of water. She flung it across the flames and instantly the glade and the onlookers were enveloped in clouds of steam and smoke. The clearing went pitch black.

Dozois had me by the elbow.

"Come on," he said in his normal voice. "Show's all through except the hangover. That'll hold 'em stiff as planks until about next sundown. Meantime, we're making tracks for Leopoldville."

The last I ever saw of Jean-Pierre Dozois was four days later. He was standing just above the mudline on the banks of the main Congo channel, some fifty miles or so upstream from Leopoldville.

In the four days of our jungle trek from the village to the boat, Dozois had been reticent about the incident in the clearing. About all he had said again about the leopard men was this:

"For dozens of centuries it's been the job of the current head man of the *anyota* to keep the secret roll call of the outfit right on the nose. Whatever that number is, nobody will ever know. At least, not me."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then it's *him* that gets the treatment. And some youngster gets shoved in at the bottom of the list. Just like you saw."

One week later, safe and sound on a park bench with a newspaper in my lap, I was listening to folk-singers rending the quiet of a Sunday afternoon in Greenwich Village. An inside head in the paper caught my eye. It said:

CONGO 'LEOPARD MEN'
A PIPE-DREAM,
SAYS AFRO EXPERT

No comment! ■

HEADLESS

(*Continued from page* 40)

"You cut this wire?" he asked.

The man nodded. "I did. I couldn't figure out what could be in a package that size, floating out there in the river."

"Where did you find it?"

"I didn't. It was Cod Hogen. He was rowing along the river, fishing close to the bank. He saw this package caught on a shrub at the edge of the water. He was trying to loosen it from the shrub when I walked out on my front porch and saw him. I went down and helped him to lift it out of the water and onto the bank. When we cut the wire the guy's hand popped out. It sure was a shock to see that. Old Cod Hogen nearly dropped in his tracks . . ."

"Where's Hogen now?" the sheriff interrupted.

"He went home after I phoned you."

The sheriff proceeded to open the package completely and the whole sickening contents lay exposed.

It was the nude upper portion of a male body, no doubt about that. The head had been cut away and the lower half of the body severed at the waist.

"Looks like a fairly young man," the sheriff said, "but it won't be easy to identify it from this much of a body unless we can get some good fingerprints." He examined the fingertips of the water-shriveled hands; they were pale grey in color and badly fluted from the water. "I don't see how they can make any prints of these fingers, but I'll ask for help from the F.B.I. anyway."

The sheriff rose to his feet, backed away from the smelly mess on the floor. "I'll have an ambulance come and carry this over to the Dyersburg funeral home," he told the café man. "Can I use your phone?"

AFTER phoning for the ambulance the sheriff called F.B.I. headquarters in Memphis, 70 miles away, and reported the grim find.

"If you could help me out on the fingerprints," he said, "it might help us to identify the corpse sooner than we can by locating the rest of the body. We're going to start searching right away for the head and lower

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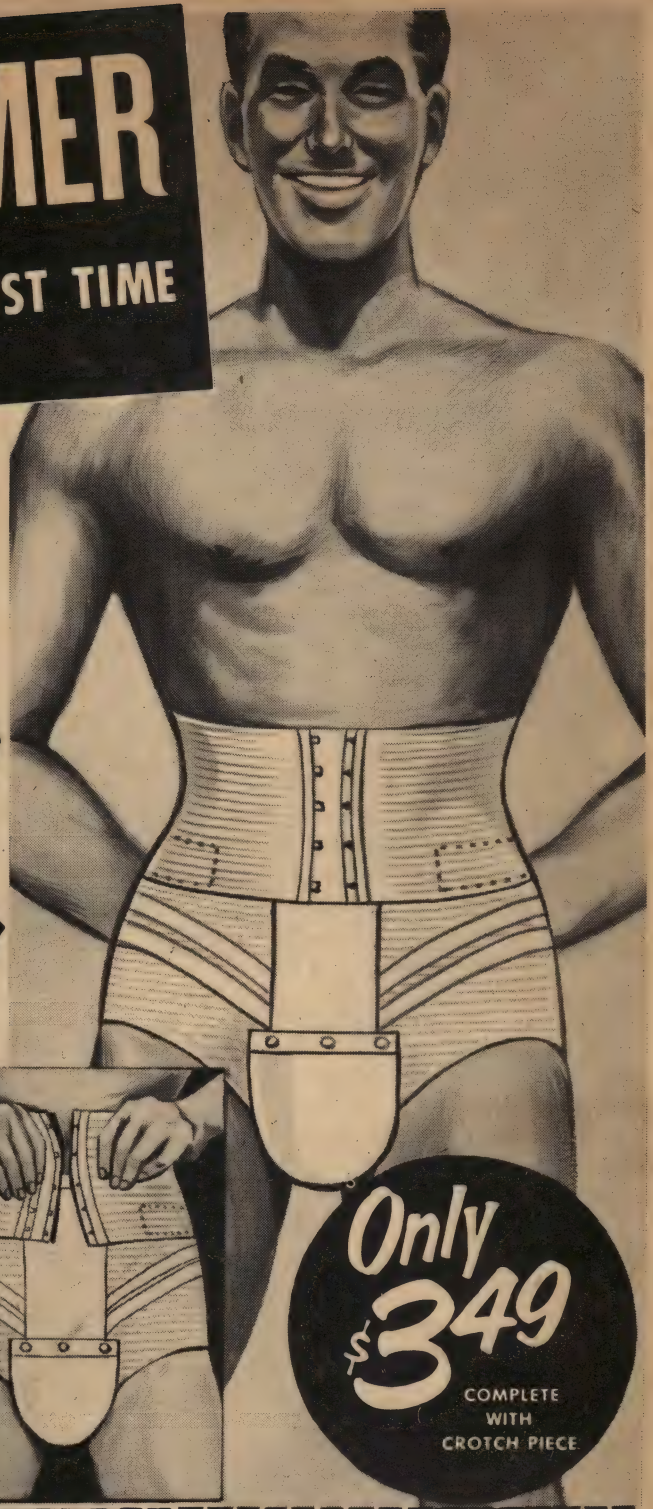

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half of the body, but it ain't likely we'll find them close by if the murderer went to the trouble to wrap the other sections as carefully as he did the torso. More than likely each package was thrown out of a car at widely separated points."

The F.B.I. agent said a man would be sent to Dyersburg with fingerprint equipment the following day. It was late afternoon by now.

While awaiting the fingerprint agent, Sheriff Pitt went to work covering all other angles possible. He set a group of deputies to searching the countryside for the head and lower sections of the body. And he went personally to talk with Cod Hogen, the farmer who had first seen the package in the river.

Hogen lived in a small house located on the bank of Twin Rivers, a few hundred yards from the café. The sheriff parked his car and walked across the yard, up the steps and onto the front porch.

A woman came to the door in response to his knock. She was a medium-sized brunette. There was an abrasion above her right eye. She kept dabbing it with a piece of cotton. Her face was drawn and tired looking and her eyes red with weeping.

"Mrs. Hogen?" the sheriff asked politely. The woman nodded, and the sheriff then introduced himself and asked if her husband was at home.

The woman opened the screen door, pointed to the rear of the house. "He's in the bedroom," she said.

The sheriff entered the house, his eyes on the woman's face. "That's a right bad cut you've got there, Mrs. Hogen," he said gently. "Looks like it might need a few stitches. You called the doctor about it?"

The woman shook her head. "It—it just happened," she stammered.

The sheriff's eyes dropped from the woman's face and stopped suddenly on something on the floor, beside the front door. He stared at the large roll of insulated copper wire leaning against the wall. The woman, meanwhile, had walked to a door at the other end of the room and was saying, "Cod, the sheriff wants to see you."

Cod Hogen entered the room, closing the bedroom door behind him. The sheriff stared at the farmer, saw that his face was strained and weary looking. The husband and wife stood side by side, now, but they did not look at each other.

"I suppose you want to ask me about that thing Olen helped me pull out of the river," he said.

The sheriff said, "I'll begin, Hogen, by asking you about this insulated copper wire," He nodded at the roll of wire laying just inside the front door. "It looks like the same wire that's wrapped around the man you fished out of the river."

The farmer reached in his back pocket for a handerchief and as he raised it to swab his forehead the sheriff saw a long, darkly red cut on the man's forearm. There was a crust of blood around the edges of the cut.

"It's the same wire," Hogen said. "I had to wrap the wire around the package to pull it out of the water."

The sheriff moved suddenly across the room, opened the door of the room from which the farmer had appeared. It was a bedroom and it was in a state of wildest disorder.

The sheriff stared at the rumpled bed, the bloodstains on the bedding and on the walls of the room.

He walked across the floor and stared down at the pair of khaki pants thrown across the foot of the bed—there was blood on the pants, too.

He turned and went back to the living room. The farmer and his wife stood where he had left them. The woman dropped her face into her hands suddenly and began to cry. Cod sat down in a chair, white-faced.

The sheriff said, "What's been going on here, Mister?"

The farmer said dully, "We had a fight, my wife and I." His tongue licked at his dry lips. "She hit me with a shoe, threw it at me. It cut my arm when I lifted it to shield my face. I picked up the shoe and hit her with it. That's how she got the cut over her eye."

The sheriff said, "There's a lot of blood in the room back there, maybe more than would have come from her cut eye or your arm. You two had better come along with me. We'll have a doctor fix your wife's eye. Then we'll have a stenographer take down your story."

The sheriff drove the couple back to Dyersburg and locked them in

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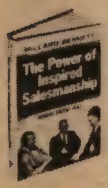

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the county jail. While he waited for a doctor to come and attend the woman's eye, he stepped into his office to see if there was any news from the deputies searching for the rest of the body.

There was nothing from the search party, but a missing person report had just been recorded. A J. W. Powers had reported that his son, Wesley Powers, had not been seen or heard from since he had left home to keep a date two nights ago.

Sheriff Pitt knew young Powers. He was a friendly, likable young man, one not likely to have enemies. But he was well-liked by women, and that could be in itself, under certain circumstances, a reason for murder.

THE sheriff decided to leave the Hogens to rest a while in jail before he questioned them further, and he got into his car and headed for the Powers home, where he talked to the distraught parents.

They had little to add to the report they had made at the sheriff's office.

They hadn't known who his date was, but they had assumed it would be with one of the local girls. They gave the sheriff the name of a tavern where Wesley liked to sit and drink beer.

The sheriff stopped off there after he left the Powers home. The bartender recalled that Wesley Powers had been there two nights before, and that he had not been there since.

"He was with two women," the bartender said. "They all left together."

He gave the sheriff the names of the two women. One was a woman in her twenties who spent a lot of her time in local bars. The other name the bartender mentioned surprised the sheriff. She was a married woman with two children. In a town as small as Dyersburg the sheriff knew everybody in the community, and he knew, too, what sort of people they were. This woman had a fine reputation in every way.

The sheriff glanced at his watch. The day was drawing to a close and he still had a lot of things to cram into it. He decided to see the married woman first, then the party girl.

The woman's husband had just gone to work, and when the sheriff told her why he was there she burst into tears.

"I shouldn't have listened to her and gone to that bar for a drink," she cried. "But I was lonely, and the kids were asleep, and I meant to stay only half an hour or so."

"How long did you stay, and where did you go when you left there with Wesley?" the sheriff said bluntly.

The woman stopped sobbing long enough to say that they had left the bar well after midnight. They had driven Wesley Powers home first; then the other woman had brought her home. "That's the last I've seen of either of them," the woman said. "I swear it's the truth, sheriff, and I didn't know Wesley had disappeared. "If my husband hears of this he he'll—." she broke off and burst into tears again.

The sheriff had no desire to wreck a marriage when there was no more conclusive evidence against the woman than he had so far turned up. She was thoroughly scared and he knew he could trust her to do as he said.

"I won't speak to your husband about this," he said, "unless other developments force me to bring you into court. But I want you to stay at home and don't see or talk to anybody on the phone about this matter. I especially don't want you calling your girl friend and warning her I'm on my way to her house."

The frantic wife promised to stay as far away from her troublesome woman friend as possible.

"She got me into this," she sobbed. "You can bet I won't talk to her again unless I have to."

The other woman was as insistant about her ignorance of Wesley Powers' whereabouts as had been the wife. But she said it without tears. "We drove Wesley home like she said, Sheriff. That's the last I've seen of the boy."

HAVING gone as far as he could, for the moment, the sheriff now got Attorney General Clark P. Moss on the phone and made a report on the case of the headless torso and the possibility that there was a connection between it and the missing persons report on young Wesley Powers.

The atttorney general said, "You'd better have an ambulance take the torso into Memphis and let Coroner

TRUE ADVENTURES

"You must've sounded like his mother-in-law!"

Teabeaut make a report on it for us."

The sheriff nodded. Coroner J. Robert Teabeaut was an expert medico-criminal investigator and full-time assistant director of pathology at the University of Tennessee's College of Medicine. He worked part time as coroner for the state.

The attorney general then suggested that the sheriff get a complete description of Wesley Powers from his parents, for comparison with the torso.

"The coroner will tell us how old the torso is," he said, "and if there are any birthmarks or other identifying signs. If the age doesn't tally with Powers, or marks of identification aren't the same, then we can begin to search elsewhere for the victim's identity."

It was suppertime when Pitt drove up to the home of J. W. Powers and questioned the anxious parents about Wesley, making careful notes as they replied.

Wesley had had only a few dollars on him the night he went to keep his date, and none of his clothes were missing from his closet, excepting those he wore when he left the house. Wesley weighed 145 pounds, and he had no marks of any sort on his body that could be used for identification.

Sheriff Pitt then drove to the home of John N. Cribbs, an agent of the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation whose job it was to aid rural sheriffs in criminal cases. The sheriff now asked Cribbs to help him out on the case of the headless torso and the missing young man.

That evening Cribbs helped the sheriff question Cod Hogen and his wife again, then went with him to visit the bloody-stained bedroom. At the agent's suggestion, they took scrapings of the blood from the wall and the pair of khaki pants.

"A test will show who lost this blood," Cribbs said.

The following morning Sheriff Pitt got a report from Dr. Teabeaut over the telephone from Memphis. The torso was that of a man who had weighed between 155 and 165 pounds, and he had been about 5 feet 9 inches tall. His hair was probably blond. He had a large black mole on his right shoulder and he had probably been a truck driver, or somebody who drove a car all day because his left arm was very sunburned, much more so than his other arm or

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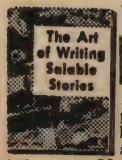

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the rest of the torso. The report also included the dead man's blood type.

"What about the fingerprints? Did the F.B.I. fingerprint expert get there yet?" the sheriff asked.

The doctor said, "He came and found the fingers too shriveled from the water to make readable prints. But he's been advised by Bill Wilkinson, another F.B.I. man here in Memphis, to try pumping air into the fingertips with a hand pump. He's gone for a pump now, and they'll try again."

Later, the sheriff got a report on the result of the unique operation. The torso was in the morgue refrigerator at John Gaston Hospital, and Dr. Teabeaut had aided the agents by inserting a large hypodermic needle into the dead fingers so the agents could pump air into them and fill out the water-fluted skin. As a result of this unusual procedure the agents were able to take a good set of prints from the murdered man.

"The prints will go off to Washington later today and they'll advise you when they get a report on them," the doctor added.

The description of the dead man, as given by the coroner, did not tally with the description of the missing Wesley Powers. Wesley's parents had mentioned no moles, and were sure their son weighed only 145 pounds. But the sheriff decided to wait for the result of the fingerprint test before ruling out the possibility of an error in the Powers' description of their son.

LATER that day, while the sheriff waited for a report, from the posse searching for the rest of the body, he received a visit from another distraught father who wanted to report a missing son!

L. A. Jackson, a farmer from the little town of Halls, Tennessee, reported that his son, Gene, was missing.

"I read the description in the papers about the body in the river," the farmer said, "and it fits. My son weighed around 160 pounds and was blond."

Further questioning by the sheriff brought out that Mr. Jackson had been awaiting the arrival of Gene Jackson and his wife from Chicago. The young couple had left Chicago a week ago and were driving their car. There had been no further news from them, but on the morning of the day they should have arrived Mr. Jackson had found a large, dark stain in his driveway—a stain that looked like blood.

"I don't know what to think," the worried man said. "If they picked up somebody along the way and the fellow waited until they got to my driveway before killing my son, then kidnapped his wife . . . I don't know. But my wife is nearly crazy because we've had no word from them and they're so long overdue. And then, when this story came out in the papers—"

The sheriff asked if Gene Jackson had had a dark mole on his right shoulder. The father shook his head doubtfully, said, "I don't know. I don't think so." He telephoned his wife and she didn't seem certain about the mole either.

The sheriff said, "I'll send out a missing persons bulletin by radio to police and highway patrols throughout the states your son would have driven through to reach Tennessee. If he's stopped off along the way somewhere he'll hear about our search over the radio, or the highway patrol will pick him up. Give us as complete a description of his car and himself and his wife as you can . . ."

The sheriff also went out to the Jackson home and took a sampling of the soil which contained the dark spot. This he sent to Memphis for a test.

So far he had two missing men and a half of a dead one. It was a jigsaw puzzle to stump Solomon! But Sheriff Pitt was not easily stumped and he forged grimly ahead in the effort to put the pieces together so that he could begin to search for the killer. Without knowing the identity of the victim the search for the killer could not begin.

The following morning Sheriff Pitt got a report on all the blood samples sent to Memphis. Dr. Teabeaut told him over the phone that none of the samples matched the blood of the dead man. The stain in the soil of the Jackson driveway was blood. The blood samples taken from Cod Hogen's bedroom matched the blood of the farmer and his wife, verifying their story of a fight between themselves.

Sheriff Pitt now released the Hogens, but he asked them not to leave town in case they were wanted for questioning again.

His only hope now was a report

from the F.B.I. which would identify the victim from his fingerprints, or the finding of the head.

The call verifying the prints came from the Memphis office of the F.B.I.

"They're the army's prints of Floyd Brown Stout, a thirty-three year-old man from Greenfield, Tennessee." The agent from Memphis also read the man's army serial number over the phone, and reported that the telegram from Washington listed his parents as next of kin and gave Greenfield as their address.

The postmaster in Greenfield directed them to a farmhouse about two miles outside the town. An alderly man and woman were sitting on the front porch of the old house. After identifying themselves, the two lawmen asked for the son, Floyd Brown Stout.

"Why, he lives in Memphis, with his wife," Mr. Stout said. "We haven't seen him for two years now."

The woman said anxiously, "Is Floyd in any trouble, sheriff?"

The offcer said gently, "I hope not, ma'am. We're trying to identify someone and its just possible the man is your son." It was an awkward way of putting it but the sheriff didn't want to give out bad news until he was certain.

While Mrs. Stout went inside for a box of letters they received from Floyd during the war, to check on his serial number, the sheriff asked what business Floyd was in.

"Last time I heard," the father said, "Floyd was in business for himself, driving his own truck, hauling gravel for construction companies. He was doing pretty well at it. The old man sighed, added, "But we haven't heard from Floyd for a spell now. He never was much of a letter writer. Not even during the war."

Mrs. Stout returned with the box of war-time letters. On one of them, mailed from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, they found a serial number. It was the same as that listed with the fingerprints of the dead man.

The sheriff asked for the address of Floyd and his wife. As he wrote it down he said quietly, "We'll check in Memphis, Mr. Stout, to see if your son is there, before asking you to come into town."

THEY drove to Memphis in Captain Wilkinson's car, Cribbs and the sheriff and the F.B.I. man. They parked half a block away from the

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Peach Street address given them by the elderly Mr. Stout, and walked the rest of the way, planning their strategy as they went. It was agreed that the sheriff would proceed to the rear of the house, to watch the back door while the other two men went to the front of the house.

Their caution proved a waste of time. There was no one at home. The three men settled down for a wait, and it kept them there until eleven p.m. when a car pulled into the driveway and a man and woman got out and approached the door of the Stout house.

The three laymen stepped up behind the man and woman as they were unlocking the front door. The woman let out a little scream at sight of them. The officers quickly identified themselves.

"We'd like to ask you a few questions, Mrs. Stout," Wilkinson said.

The woman flicked on the lights in the living room, then faced the officers Her face was pale.

"What's this all about?" she asked.

"Where is Floyd, Mrs. Stout?" Wilkinson asked bluntly.

The woman said, "I don't know. He left a week ago and I haven't heard from him since."

The sheriff looked at the silent man beside her.

"What's your name, sir?" he asked.

The man said his name was Alan Dade and he was a friend of Floyd's.

"Mrs. Stout told me Floyd was missing and asked me to come and see her," he added. She told me about their quarrel and Floyd's leaving, and I've just been advising her to report him as a missing person to the police."

The sheriff said, "You've read about the headless body found in the river over in Dyer county, haven't you?"

"You mean that is—Floyd?" Alan Dade stammered.

"I'm afraid so," the sheriff said. "F.B.I. fingerprints in Washington match up with those taken from the torso. We'll have to ask you folks to come along to Memphis with us for questioning."

The sheriff and Cribbs rode in the back seat with Mrs. Stout and Alan Dade sat in the front seat alongside the F.B.I. man. In a quiet voice the sheriff asked Mrs. Stout about Floyd's job and their life together.

She talked in a low monotone.

"He was my third husband and I was his fifth wife." She paused and the sheriff had to prod her to go on.

"Floyd was driving a taxi when I met him. I was working in a factory where I still work. I make $1.65 an hour, and it turned out I was making more money finally than he was."

There was bitterness in her voice.

"Did Floyd turn his earnings over to you?" he asked.

"Sometimes he did and sometimes he didn't," she said tightly. "Lately he's been loafing more than he's worked.

"Had you had any arguments about money before?" the sheriff asked.

She said angrily, "We sure did. The first time it was when I found out I was paying for my own wedding ring. Floyd gave me a watch before we married, and then he charged the wedding ring at the same place. That made me so mad that we had our first really big fight. Floyd went out then and made the arrangements for the gravel truck and began to work."

Things went along all right for a while after that, she said. But then Floyd would have days of no work and he'd lie around the house, sleeping and drinking beer.

"Then last Wednesday night I came home from work and found him all dressed in new clothes. When I asked him where he'd got them he said he'd charged them to my account at the department store. That really burned me up, and we began to fight about it. Finally, Floyd went into the bedroom and got undressed and went to bed. He fell right to sleep, with me talking to him." She paused, stared out into the moving night outside the car.

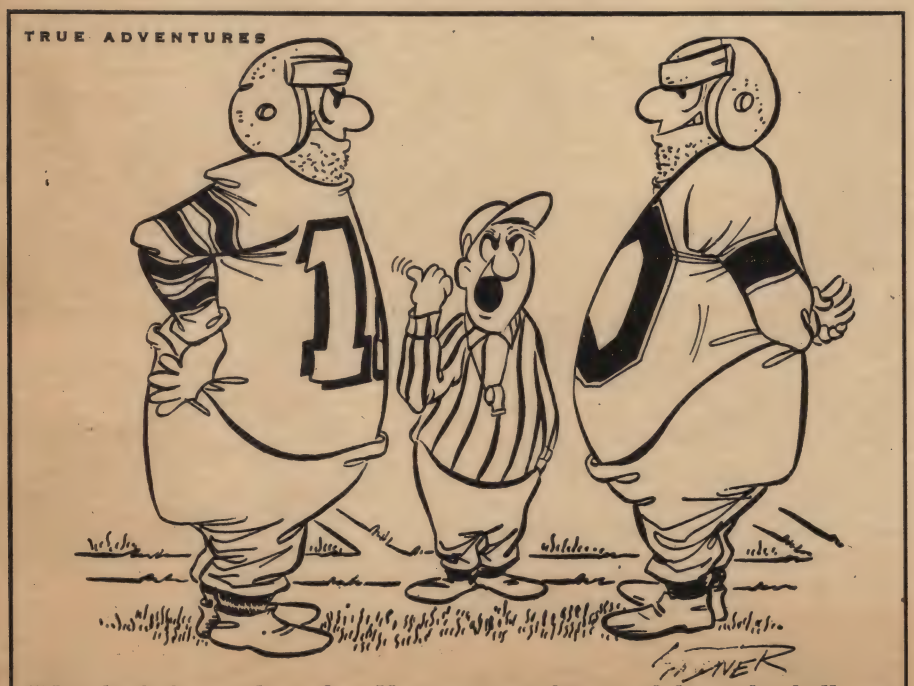
"What happened then, Mrs. Stout?" the sheriff said softly.

"Nothing. I went to bed, too. When I woke up the next morning Floyd was gone. I haven't seen him or heard from him since."

THEY'D reached the jail by now and they put the man and woman in separate cells. They were told to order any food or drink they wanted. A few hours later Mrs. Stout was taken into an interrogation room and Mr. Cribbs handed her a cigarette and lighted it for her. Cribbs said suddenly, "Isn't there something more you'd like to tell us, Mrs. Stout. Something you'd like to get off your conscience?"

The woman took a deep draft on the cigarette, then she let out the smoke in a relaxation of tension and said, "Yes, I'll begin at the beginning and tell you all of it. I might as well. If you've managed to identify Floyd without the head, well, I guess you'll find out anyway in time."

She talked fast, and seemed to feel relief at getting it out. After Floyd



"You both know the rules. Now get out there and beat the hell out of one another!"

fell asleep that night she had grown more and more angry, thinking about his selfishness and his laziness and the way he used her money and kept any he earned for himself. Finally, she had got up from the bed and gone into the kitchen for a glass of water. When she came back he was lying on his back and snoring loudly. She leaned over and prodded him awake.

"He woke up and began to insult me. Then he went into the kitchen for a drink of water and I followed him. He kept on insulting me and suddenly I saw the hammer lying there on the drainboard and I picked it up just as he started out of the kitchen. His back was to me and I ran up and hit him as hard as I could with the hammer, right against the back of his head. He just slipped down to the floor and never moved or said another thing."

Mrs. Stout dropped her face into her hands. "At that point I was horrified at what I'd done. I listened for a heart beat and tried his pulse. There was nothing. And I knew from the mess his head was in that he couldn't be alive. If there'd have been a chance of saving him then I'd have called a doctor.

"I decided to get rid of the body and say Floyd had left me.

"I got a blanket from the bed and put it on the dining room floor. I couldn't lift Floyd, he was so heavy, so I rolled him over onto the blanket."

She then told how she had gone down to the cellar and got a saw from her husband's tool chest; how she had then proceeded to saw off Floyd's head and then sever his body at the waist. The blanket had absorbed the blood, and she had then wrapped the three sections carefully in sheets and blankets and plastic table cloths.

"I had just one idea in my mind," she said, "to cut it into small enough pieces so that I could take it out somewhere and throw it away. That's all that went through my mind."

The three officers stared at the woman incredulously. For a man to saw a body apart would have been a tremendously difficult job, they knew.

"How did you get rid of the pieces of the body?" Cribbs asked.

"I waited until late at night and I drove the car alongside the back porch and then I took it out piece by piece and put them in the car. They were very heavy, all but the head."

"Then I drove out to the bridge over the Obion River and dropped the head and the legs into the water there. Before I could drop the torso a car came along and I drove away, towards Halls. When I got to the point where Twin Rivers comes in close to the road, I threw the torso out into the water there."

She said she had then gone on to work.

Later, Mrs. Stout signed a written confession and then Alan Dade's story of his whereabouts on the night Floyd Stout was murdered was checked. Dade proved to have a strong alibi for all the hours during which Mrs. Stout had been dissecting Floyd's body. So he was released.

Mrs. Stout was held without bail, under the laws of Tennessee, for grand jury action.

(Note: The names Nick Olen and Cod Hogen, are fictitious to protect the privacy of innocent people) ■

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AMAZON RULER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

World for good, she laid her plans for a fresh start in the new. So, it was with a sense of shock, quickly followed by venomous rage, that she received the news from her companions of the stockade that all of the women were to be escorted across the thick ice of the Hudson River by armed Continental troops, and turned adrift in the bitter cold of the hostile Jersey countryside.

"They wants to punish us fer consorting wit the British, that's wot," was the general concensus of the doxies. "Who," they wailed, "is going to protect us from them bible-shouting farmers who thinks the like of us be evil creatures of the Devil?"

Annabelle had the answer.

"Who?" she echoed contemptuously. "Are you so blinded by cowardice that you can't see our numbers give us the strength of armies? We will go where we choose, do what we will, and the Devil take those who stand in our way!"

Annabelle's determination to survive was the cataclyst that welded twelve hundred beaten women into a formidable army of fighting harpies. She led them north through the bitter countryside, and their demonstrated willingness to take on all comers soon convinced the hostile populace that they were better left alone.

At last they reached the Ramapo Mountains, a wild, rugged area on the New Jersey-New York border, some forty miles from Manhattan. Here, they settled down to a grim battle against starvation and cold. How they survived that first winter no one will ever find out, but they did—to found an incredible kingdom of thieves.

For with the coming of spring, recruits by the score found their way to the isolated mountain fortress: deserters from Washington's Army, British sympathizers fleeing aroused patriots, escaped jailbirds, renegade Indians, and runaway white and Negro bond servants. All of them were welcome.

Although the arrival of the newcomers helped solve the immediate problems of food, shelter and male companionship, it created a serious complication that threatened Annabelle's rule over the community. This took the form of crude homemade stills, built by some of the more enterprising riffraff, to convert wild grapes and berries into potent alcoholic spirits.

Under the influence of this rotgut the community soon degenerated into an undisciplined mob whose only interest in life was the drunken orgies that took place nightly.

Reluctant to use force, Annabelle and a hard core of two hundred loyal followers, set up a new camp on the north bank of the Raritan River and resigned themselves to wait until the inhabitants of the main camp came to their senses. The situation, however, remained unchanged until the fall of 1784, when the giant redhead, Clay Haggerty, came into Annabelle's life.

ALMOST from the day she first established her mountain empire, Annabelle Sims realized the need for a male partner to help control her subjects. No ordinary man could fulfill this need; her prince consort must match her own fire, strength, and courage.

Every newcomer to the camp was weighed carefully with these characteristics in mind, and all were found wanting.

In early September of 1784, a band of about twenty men were camped on the far side of the mountains.

They were identified as survivors of an army of Tory raiders, formerly commanded by the notorious Claudius the Cowboy, who had been executed by Washington's troops the previous winter. They were reported to be well-armed, rigidly disciplined, and commanded by a giant red-haired man, Clay Haggerty, an ex-officer of the Tory general.

Clay Haggerty seemed to be just the man to exert needed discipline

over Annabelle's unruly subjects. She called her followers into a council of war to discuss ways and means of recruiting the newcomers. After hours of fruitless deliberation, a disgusted, hatchet-faced blonde voiced the general concensus of the Council.

"We got no weapons to fight 'em, and no gold nor valuables to bribe 'em. Devil take us, we got *nothing* to trade!"

"There's always *something* to trade," disagreed Annabelle.

She stared thoughtfully at the assembled group. Of the two hundred men and women gathered in the big clearing, more than fifty were young girls still in their teens. Annabelle picked them out, weighing their merits one by one, retaining only the youngest, the slimmest, the most beautiful.

"Yes," she repeated, "there's always *something* to trade."

Clay Haggerty's band was camped on the New Jersey side of the border, at the edge of a crystal-clear pond.

At sunrise, on the morning of September 12, 1784, Haggerty and his men awoke as usual, yawned, scratched, stumbled sleepily toward the pond for their morning ablutions and were stopped dead in their tracks by the incredible apparation of twenty females cavorting in their private bathtub.

For an unbelieving moment they stood as if rooted to the ground. Then, like a bull-moose answering the challenging cry of a mating cow, they made a concerted rush for the pond, their yells of delight drowning out Haggerty's bellowed warning.

Alone on the beach, he cursed, threatened, and pleaded with his men to forget the women long enough to make sure they weren't part to some attempt to ambush the camp. It was to no avail. For the first time in three years, military discipline melted away, to the hot, heady call of the sirens song.

Throwing up his hands in defeat, the big redhead turned his back on the pond and started up the path to the camp.

Annabelle Sims was waiting for him, her head crowned by a halo of silky, midnight black hair, her lips red and inviting. Held by the smouldering fires in the girl's dark eyes, stirred by the proud, challenging thrust of the magnificient body scantily concealed by the brief singlet of deerskin, Haggerty's blood quickened.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

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"Your woman—if you're man enough to want me," Annabelle replied simply.

She smiled and moved closer, the strap that held up her brief garment, slipping from one bare shoulder. Haggerty's eyes glazed, and his nostrils caught the full fragrance of her body. He reached out blindly, his caution smothered in the girl's smooth, yielding flesh.

AS Annabelle's paramour, Clay Haggerty soon became the power behind her throne. His well-armed, disciplined band quickly brought order to the chaos that had reigned so long in the big camp on the banks of the Raritan. Under the new order the strange wild community waxed fat on loot acquired in raids on wagon trains, stagecoaches and travelers incautious enough to venture within striking distance.

In the winter of 1785 Jan Mueller, a hulking, evil-tempered former Hessian mercenary deserted by his British masters and turned adrift in a land of enemies, came to the camp. Made welcome, Mueller recognized a chance for personal power in this thieves paradise, and lost no time in laying plans to overthrow the existing rule.

By early spring of the following year, Mueller had managed to cache a considerable quantity of arms and powder, stolen in the course of winter raids on the countryside

On the night of March 15, he armed his rebel force and launched a savage surprise attack against a group of huts occupied by Annabelle, her lover, and her personal honor guard of brawl-hardened hand-picked followers.

Thrown into confusion by the sudden fury of the onslaught, and weakened by the loss of Haggerty, badly wounded in the first exchange of gunfire, Annabelle and her group fled the camp with the wounded giant, and took refuge in a secret cave in the mountains.

It was from this cave that Annabelle ventured into the rebel-held camp later that same night to kill Jan Mueller, and it was to this cave that she returned with the news of the rebel leader's death. Her announcement brought a roar for immediate action from her followers: "Attack now before they have time to choose a new leader!"

Annabelle silenced them.

"When they've glutted themselves with rum, they'll turn to the women, and then to brawling amongst themselves for leadership." The girl laughed savagely, her teeth flashing white in the torchlight. "That is when we will attack!"

All during that night of March 15, the big camp on the banks of the Raritan reeled to the drunken song of the rebels. Murder and rapine stalked the shadows, and the darkness was made hideous by a mad symphony of drunken laughter and the terrified screams of women.

At the first light of dawn, with the entire rebel force held helpless in the grip of paralyzing exhaustion, Annabelle and her followers regained control of the camp without firing a shot —ending the ill-starred rebellion for good. ■

MONSTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

(*Continued from page* 21)
river's edge, the main herd of several hundred fat cattle were milling restlessely, held back from the water by a dozen lariat-swinging, mounted *vaqueros*.

Suddenly a cow broke from the herd and made a wild dash for the river, hotly pursued by one of the cowboys. Twenty yards short of the muddy bank, he caught up with the animal and dropped his loop over her head. His horse braked to a stop, anchoring the cow in her tracks.

José shook his head. "The cattle become more unruly by the moment. Soon the heat and flies will become unbearable and they will stampede for water. Many will die, I think." He paused to look at the cow in the middle of the channel. The water around her was tinged with blood from the slashed vein in her left shoulder. She was noticeably weaker.

"Por Dios!" José exclaimed. "Where are the bloodthirsty little *monstruos?"*

"Piranha!"

The shrill, excited cry echoed in the still, morning air, and was taken up by the *vaqueros* lining the bank. José made a choked, gasping sound. His face was dead white. I wondered again at the terror displayed by these strapping *vaqueros* at the mere mention of the word, *piranha*. Their fear of these little killers of the Amazon Basin bordered on the maniac.

Senor, look!" José shouted, pointing a trembling finger at the middle of the river. "They come!"

I saw nothing at first. Then, two hundred feet away, the whole surface came alive with boiling white foam. The turbulence was moving rapidly downstream in the direction of the cow. Sensing her fate, the animal suddenly turned to face upstream. Her head lifted and she uttered a hoarse, plaintive wail.

Lurking in the dark, sluggish waters of the Amazon tributaries are some of the most frightening fish on earth. There are giant stingrays, electric eels, poisonous fish of many varieties, as well as snakes, alligators and crocodiles. The natives of the region respect these dangers, but their feeling for the piranha is one of unreasoning terror.

As a professional magazine photographer, I had photographed many strange sights, creatures and scenes in the wild jungles of Paraguay and Brazil. I had heard fantastic stories of the rapacious piranha and their insatiable thirst for blood, and I had a strong desire to photograph them in action. It wasn't until I met Manuel Gomez at the Cattleman's Bar in Sao Paulo, that I was given the opportunity to realize my ambition.

Manuel Gomez owned a large ranch near Rio Verde, at the edge of the Matto Grosso region. His herds had been grazing all season on the rich, fattening grass and were now ready for market. Having arranged for a buyer in Sao Paulo, he would

shortly return to the ranch to supervise the sixty-mile cattle drive from pasture to railhead. When I learned that the drive involved three major stream crossings, I asked him about the piranha.

"Piranha!" He spat out the word like a curse. "The piranha is a spawn of the devil himself. No man in this region lives without fear of it. It guards every river and only a living sacrifice will lure it from the fords where our cattle must cross."

I asked him if I could accompany him on the drive, explaining that I would like to record such a crossing on film. My request lifted his bushy eyebrows in surprise.

"You would photograph such a sight?" He shrugged lean shoulders in wonder. *"Si,* if you wish. But I warn you, *Señor,"* he continued solemnly, "it is a terrible experience, one you will not wish to repeat."

SO I had returned to the Matto Grosso with Manuel. This river, one of the many branches of the Araquare, was the first major stream to be forded. The cow had been slashed to draw blood and was driven into the river downstream from the ford. And now, as the swarm of voracious killer fish sped to the attack, I waited to photograph this savage, sacrificial rite.

Manuel had tried to warn me. It *was* a horrible experience. God protect me from another like it!

The swarm of piranhas was closing swiftly in on the doomed cow, and our dugout was near enough for me to pick out individual fish from the writhing, swarming pack.

What I saw was a fiendishly ugly brute with fat, greedy jaws made for ripping and tearing, and huge, triangular teeth that had been designed to slash and gut. The body was stubby, no more than eight inches in length; the eyes held a mad, evil glare. Its frenzy at the sight of the cow and the scent of blood filled me with a loathing I can never forget.

An anquished bellow, almost a human scream, came from the animal. The cow, in the middle of that maelstrom of evil, was tossing her head and beating her limbs in a frenzy of pain, while those monstrous fish were literally devouring it alive.

I tried to shut sight and sound away from me while I forced myself through the motions of photographing the action, but the noise kept ringing in my ears long after the animal was dragged beneath the boiling, bloodied waters.

I can only think that the piranha is a mistake of nature, a mad, evil creature from the very depths of hell. I watched these monsters slash and tear and gut their helpless victim. I watched them gorge on living, quivering flesh until their distended bellies were bloated with raw meat. Then, loathsome creatures that they are, I watched them spew their bellies empty and return to the feast for more.

During this action, which seemed to have gone on for unbearable hours, I was vaguely concious of the bawling of cattle and the shouts of the *vaqueros* from upriver. Suddenly, the shouting became clearer and louder, and I realized that someone was calling my name.

With shouts and frantic motions Manuel informed me that the crossing had been completed. I forced my gaze back to the cow.

Except for a few shreds of bloody flesh clinging to the base of its horns, only a freshly stripped skeleton remained.

I pulled the camera into the canoe and told José to take us away from this place of death.

It had taken the dreadful little monsters just twenty minutes to reduce a 500-pound animal to a pitiful collection of white bones.

I knew that, however my film turned out, I would never photograph such a sight again.

Nor would I ever forget. ■

AN UNBIASED REVIEW, ANALYSES AND JUDGMENT OF:

In the recent case of LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER, Federal Judge Frederick van Pelt Bryan said: "Plainly "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is offensive to the Postmaster General, and I respect his personal views. As a matter of personal opinion I disagree with him for I do not personally find the book offensive."

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"INTO WHOSE HANDS"

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Introduction by Dr. Albert Ellis
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This first unexpurgated American edition of INTO WHOSE HANDS, containing 100,000 words, is a revealing word-picture of the most complete and graphic study of obscenity in literature! Following are excerpts of some of the reviews in this book:

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by Vatsyayana; The Anunga Runga, and The Perfumed Garden. All deal with the art of love, with aphrodisiacs, with the various postures in the coital act, etc.

JUSTINE
The characters which appear in this long novel include murderers, Satanists, pederasts, vampires and tribades; orgies and tortures are featured profusely, etc.

FANNY HILL
There is the notorious flagellation orgy, occupying half a dozen pages of text; there is the extraordinarily vivid description of overt homosexual vice, etc.

FRANK HARRIS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY
It deals largely with Harris's adolescence and with his early life in the United States. Descriptions of youthful sex incidents, etc.

BESSIE COTTER
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THE DIARY OF A DRUG FIEND—The story with the lives of Sir Peter Pendragon and Lady Lou Pendragon while under the influence of cocain and heroin, etc.

THE CONFESSIONAL UNMASKED—Showing the depravity of the priesthood and immorality of the Confessional, being the questions put to Females in Confession, etc.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Literature occupies a very inferior position in the list of aphrodisiacs. There are many far more potent influences on sexual libido! Dancing exerts a powerful aphrodisiac effect; so does alcohol; so does woman's dress; so does perfume. Yet no one suggests the prohibition or suppression of any of these aphrodisiacs on the ground of its "corrupting influence" or its power of inciting sexual passion.

What is the use of consorship which suppresses SLEEVELESS ERRAND and TO BEG I AM ASHAMED while the works of RABELAIS and the 23rd chapter of THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL are available to every schoolboy?

There is something ridiculous in the fact that as a result of ignorance, religious prejudice and ashamedness, the discussion of sex is singled out for censorship. Sex is not evil. On the other hand murder can be openly and freely discussed and even, by implication, eulogized.

Actually censorship is propaganda for pornography. Just as the law against abortion has created the professional abortionist, who would be put out of business by its abolition, so the obscenity law has created and stimulated the market for pornography.

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LOST PLATOON

(*Continued from page* 38)

meaning to the flood of shrill Italian that was being dinned in to his ears.

After awhile the room stopped moving and he was able to focus on the massive form of the lady bending over him. Even in the agonizing throes of the worst hangover in memory, he could hardly mistake the ballooning form for the smooth, slim girl he last remembered as being in the room.

"Maria," he croaked. "Where is Maria?"

Madame Francetti swore unintelligibly in Italian, supported the Sergeant's sagging figure until he was able to sit groggily erect on his own, then switched to a limited vocabulary of English.

"Foolish American," she said angrily. "I try to tell you she and her cousin of the Black Market gone to Germans. They inform them you are only few, not whole American Army."

Madame Francetti's news worked miracles on the sergeant's condition. Forgetting his hangover as if it had never been, Playkoff grabbed frantically for his clothes and charged down the corridor in his skivvies.

The brawl in the parlor was still in progress, though it had long since passed the point where the boys were keeping up with the men. Only Louie the Safecracker and the Indian were still on their feet, the others being draped drunkenly over the furniture in various stages of unconsciousness. Louie the Safecracker, clutching a bottle of Madame's *Vino* in one hand and a plump, undraped female in the other, vociferously greeted the sergeant's appearance.

"Sarge, you old crock! Look what I got for you."

"I got somethin' for you too—trouble," said Playkoff viciously. He made a grab for the bottle and emptied it over Louie's head. "You've got to sober up! You got to help get these other wrecks on their feet. The whole bloody Kraut Army—."

Boom!

The first German shell landed in the courtyard outside. The second blew the roof off the house. The walls rocked and plaster crashed from the ceiling raising clouds of blinding white dust. Outraged cries came from the men sprawled about the room.

Groping his way through the dust, Sergeant Playkoff went to the window and looked across the roofs of the town to the river and the north bridge that carried the Bologna-Milan trunk highway. Truck-loads of Germans were pouring into the town.

"Augh!" groaned the sergeant, turning away from the window to survey the pitiful condition of his platoon. He waded amongst the prostrate figures, yanking them one by one to their feet and booting their rumps towards the door.

"We gotta get out!" he dinned into their befuddled brains. "We got the whole miserable Kraut army on our tails!"

OUT OF all the American troops in Italy in the summer of 1944, it would have been hard to find fourteen men with fewer legitimate reasons for occupying an advanced post like *Scia* than the members of B Platoon.

B Platoon consisted of the sorriest excuses for soldiers in the history of the United States Armed Forces. All fourteen of them had been weeded from other units of the Fifth Army as "unfit for combat."

Too weak to fight, too healthy to be marked 4-F and sent home, they were lumped together in a "service unit" and placed under the tender mercies of Sergeant Playkoff, with strict orders to employ them in such fashion as would keep them out of the way of soldiers with a tough war to win.

However, as sometimes happens in war, the plan to immobilize B Platoon was thoroughly loused up by an uncooperative general of a Nazi armored division. Spotting a weakness in a section of the Allied *Apennines Line,* he broke through in a lightning thrust of heavy armor and within hours had overrun the American rear, leaving B Platoon in an advanced combat position, floundering in the bewilderment of a shifting, uncertain front.

With communications between Allied units temporarily severed, there was no way for the platoon to know which way lay the enemy and which way their own lines. So they blundered around in the chopped-up valleys, deep ravines and thickly forested hills of the Apennines, as blindingly, hopelessly lost as a litter of new-born pups.

As dusk fell over the forested slopes of the Apennines at the end of that first day, B Platoon's three jeeps were still following a dirt trail up the steep slope of an unfamiliar mountain.

After awhile the road came to an abrupt end in the center of a large clearing and rather than retrace their steps in the darkness, Sergeant Playkoff decided to camp for the night. After a cold supper of K-Rations the

platoon gratefully sought their blankets and within a very few minutes even the sergeant was deep in exhausted slumber.

Playkoff was willing to swear he barely had time to shut his eyes before someone was shaking him awake. He came out of a heavy sleep to see the first gray light of dawn, and the lean figure of Charlie the Sioux bending over him.

"Listen," the Indian whispered urgently. "Krauts comin' this way."

Playkoff came fully awake at once, his ears tuned to the rumble of heavy vehicles on the mountain road. The Sioux beckoned and he scrambled from his blankets to follow the other across the clearing to the road. Halfway down the steep slope they could see the reflection of headlights and hear the metallic advance of steel treads.

"Tanks," said Charlie impassively. "Four. One armored car. About thirty men in charge of a second louie. I been down for a close look."

Playkoff gave brief thought to what would happen to his platoon, trapped in the clearing with no place to go. He decided he wasn't having any. Obviously, the Germans wouldn't be running with headlights on if they were aware of the platoon's presence. This being the case, they couldn't know how pitifully small and weak a force was opposing them either.

Judging from the slow progress of the tanks that he had about thirty minutes to put some sort of plan into operation, the sergeant decided to put all his eggs into a colossal bluff.

Instead of leaving the jeeps and taking his men into the brush afoot, Sergeant Playkoff distributed all of the rifles and light automatic weapons among seven of his men, and strung them out along the slope of the mountain.

He buried a cluster of grenades in the center of the road, tied a stout length of twine to the release pin of the grenade in the middle, and gave the free end to Charlie the Sioux with instructions to "pull like hell" when he got the order.

The six remaining members of the group were placed along the perimeter of the clearing across the way. Three of them were in the jeeps which were planted thirty yards apart; three others crouched over light .30-caliber machine-guns taken from the vehicles and set up in the gaps between.

Some minutes later the German

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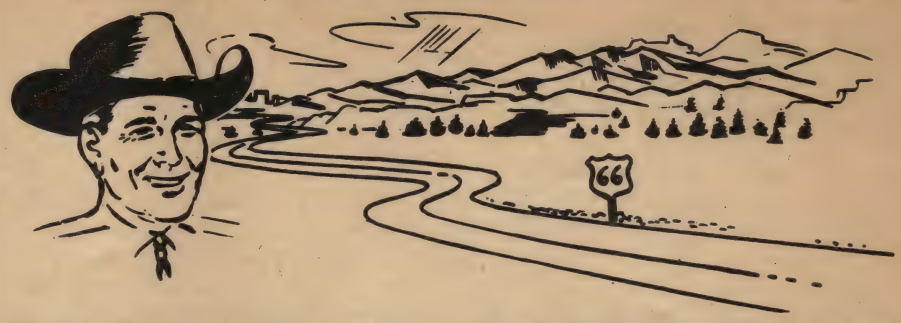

THERE IS A broad ribbon of highway that begins in the heart of Chicago and winds for 2000 miles to its terminus in exciting Los Angeles. This ribbon is mighty **66**—the most famous, the most legendary highway in the U. S. Millions of Americans have followed it to the West, coursing through the plains of Illinois and over the hills of Missouri, biting off a piece of flat Kansas and driving over hundreds of miles of equally flat Oklahoma and Texas. Gradually the scenery begins to change. Texas begins to roll; distant hills become higher. Then, suddenly, one emerges into **"The Land of Enchantment."** New Mexico's wonders erupt in a blaze of color and majesty. The mighty mountains thrust themselves, tree-topped, into the unimaginable blue of the sky. Dust and smoke have vanished from the air and the lungs drink in great delicious draughts in heady delight. If it is wintertime there will be snow capping the mountains and you may see skiers gliding down their slopes. If it is spring or summer or fall, the unhumid, unspoiled air touches the skin softly and the feeling of well-being is nowhere else equalled. **But winter or summer—it is almost certain that the sun will be shining in New Mexico—the sunniest, healthiest state of all 50!**

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Consider, then! Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty is a cosmopolitan city of more than 260,000 people which has grown **800% in 30 years.** Founded in 1706, the population of Albuquerque as late as 1930 was only 36,000. Then things began to happen. The incomparable climate and the staggering beauty began to draw Americans to the Big Sky Country. By 1950 there were 97,000 Albuquerqueans. And in the next 10 years, to 1960, this quaint Southwestern town rocketed to the status of a major city—the 7th fastest growing city in the U.S.! Professional estimates of Albuquerque's future vary. But the most cautious guess is more than 500,000 by 1970; **and far more many experts predict that by that time Albuquerque may reach a population of one million.**

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tanks rumbled around a bend in the road. In response to the sergeant's yell, Charlie the Sioux gave a mighty pull on the twine. The grenades exploded with a roar, blowing the tread off the lead Nazi tank. Guns opened up from the mountainside, jeep motors roared and their headlamps blinked on with dazzling suddeness.

For a startled moment the Germans squatted like sitting ducks under the gunfire. Then tank hatches slammed shut, gears clashed, and the armored car and the three remaining tanks spun about and took off down the road from whence they'd come.

B Platoon crowded around the sergeant, grinning like idiots and clamoring for permission to pursue the retreating foe.

"Pursue hell," Playkoff snorted. "We're getting the hell out before they come back!"

BY NOON of that same day, with some forty miles of uncertain terrain behind them, Sergeant Playkoff knew they were as far from "getting out" as they had ever been. According to the Headquarters map, the road they should be on followed a course slightly north by west over the mountains, then made an abrupt turn south along a narrow valley. Instead, their course had been almost due north.

Sergeant Playkoff reached for the map, an old, sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. One quick look confirmed his worst fears. The place was *Scia,* a town last reported to be firmly in the hands of the enemy.

Coming to a sudden decision, Sergeant Playkoff picked Louie and the Sioux to reconnoiter the town.

Seven hours later, with still no sign of Louie and the Sioux, Sergeant Playkoff was on the verge of sending the platoon to the rescue. Suddenly, the jeep was spotted on its way back to the platoon—accompained, swore one keen-eyed member of the group, "by a whole gaggle of females."

The females turned out to be Madame Francetti and the entertainers of her "House of Joy." While B Platoon stumbled over its collective feet to break the non-fraternization rules, the sergeant demanded explanations from his two errant scouts.

"We're bloody heroes, Sarge," cried Louie. "Them Kraut tanks we clobbered last night come through the town with a report that the whole Yank Army was behind 'em. The colonel in charge decided it must be part of a big Fifth Army offensive from Bologna and pulled his troops across the river. Most of the town left with them, so we got it all to ourselves. Us, that is," he amended, leering at the squealing girls in the jeep, "and these here females."

All during the course of that memorable night, liquor flowed like water, good resolutions fell like snowflakes and Madame Francetti's establishment rang with masculine howls of pure delight and feminine squeals of mock alarm.

Even Sergeant Playkoff allowed himself to be charmed by the petite Maria, blissfully unaware that the drink she so perfidiously pressed upon him contained enough knock-out drops to clobber an elephant.

Well, he knew it now, thought Sergeant Playkoff bitterly, driving his men before him into the back street.

Once on the street, Sergeant Playkoff paused long enough to collect his scattered thoughts and to plan a course of action.

Desperately searching his hazy recollection of the street layout, his thoughts came to rest on the town's two bridges. One carried the trunk highway north towards Milan; the other spanned the south branch of the river to carry the same highway to Bologna. If the platoon could hold that bridge . . .

A few minutes later, Sergeant Playkoff took Louie aside and gave him a terse order. "Take eight of the men and mine the south bridge. When it's ready to blow send up two red flares fifteen minutes apart. I'll keep the rest of the men here and try to hold off the Krouts until we see your signals."

Sending Charlie the Sioux to scout the town for signs of the enemy, Sergeant Playkoff and the others of the Platoon barricaded the narrow street with an upturned jeep and whatever heavy pieces of furniture they were able to liberate from nearby houses. When, after fifteen minutes, Charlie returned with the news that two half-tracks loaded with German troops were headed their way, Playkoff knew the platoon was as well prepared for a fight as they would ever be.

THE encounter was brief but violent. B Platoon's defense of the barricade smacked of the same fanaticism as once inspired Paris street mobs in their battle against the crack troops of a bygone Bourbon King.

The German halftracks were met by a hail of concentrated fire from Browning automatic rifles and .30 caliber machine-guns. Grenades knocked out the lead halftrack, temporarily immobilizing the enemy and forcing the troops to fight afoot until tanks could be moved in to reinforce them—and in the interim, B Platoon kept them at bay.

The first flare broke crimson in the sky some three hours before dawn. B Platoon held their position just long enough to arrange a proper welcome to the Germans, in the form of a 20 lb. demolition bomb hidden with loving care beneath the barricade, then broke for their one remaining jeep. Two minutes later the bomb dug a crater in the street; most of the Germans who survived the explosion were buried beneath the toppling walls.

B Platoon hunted an opening to the bridge free of enemy patrols.

Dodging and twisting through the town, they soon worked their way so deep into the maze of back streets and alley. It was the second red flare, that set them back on their path.

They made the last fifty yards in a hail of machine-gun bullets from a pursuing German halftrack.

It was only then, as the jeep roared off the bridge and Louie threw his weight onto the plunger, that Sergeant Playkoff became suddenly aware that the hills he was staring at didn't belong on the south side of the river.

As the bridge exploded with a tremendous flash and roar, as stone and steel beat the river into foam, the wild-eyed sergeant hauled Louis from his ditch and shook the little man until his eyes rolled whitely.

"Idiot!" he roared. "D'you know what you've gone and done?" He glared at the dazed little man. "You've blown the wrong bloody bridge, that's what! You've got us stranded on the *wrong* side of the *wrong* bloody river!"

* * *

THE citation read in part: "For action against the enemy—in the course of which B Platoon seized the bridge over the north branch of the Ponzio River and held the crossing against the German 145th Infantry Division until relieved by advance armored units of the Fifth Army . . ."

It was like Louie the Safecracker said, thought Sergeant Playoff:

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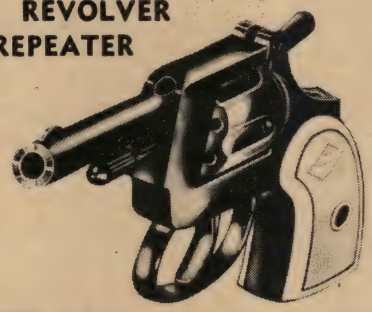

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TRAMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

to give up what was left of his practice and take her West. She had no trouble getting on the California stage. Her short brown hair, attractively swept off her forehead, emphasized lively brown eyes and a dazzling smile. For such a petite, she had spectacular swellings of bust and backside, which fascinated the male gaze.

Returning to Ohio with her besotted husband, Victoria found her family peddling kickapoo juice in Cincinnati. She pursuaded them to support her in a new and more profitable type of medicine show.

Renting a house, Victoria and Tennie hung out a shingle proclaiming themselves "Clairvoyants."

Business was good at a dollar a head, and the girls even won a buck from the father of Ulysses S. Grant. But the money wasn't coming in quick enough to suit Victoria. She was not slow to notice that many of the male clients seemed far more interested in the flesh than in the spirit. She proposed to Tennie that they do a little whoring on the side. Her younger sister agreed enthusiastically.

As word spread, the bedrooms of the house began to get more use than the seance parlor.

The sisters proved expert at their new sideline.

But Tennie made the mistake of trying to blackmail customers with information she'd pried out of them on the pillow or in front of the crystal ball. Victoria decided the time had come for a spiritualist tour of other states.

ON THE ROAD she would address, and perform for, local Spiritualist Societies, to plug the fact that she and Tennie were available for private seances. At the same time she began to champion other *avante-garde* movements of the day. Karl Marx was stirring up controversy. There were other angry voices demanding free love and women's rights. Victoria shrewdly decided to juice up her pitch for spiritualism with these shock causes.

This was too much for the staid Spiritualist Society of St. Louis. An apoplectic clergyman challenged her to a debate. Delighted at the free advertising, Victoria consented happily. She drew gasps from a crowded meeting hall by insisting that socialism must replace capitalism, free love must replace marriage.

The men got the message. Victoria and Tennie were swamped with requests for private "seances."

One of the men who came to see Victoria was a handsome Civil War veteran with a wife and two children, Colonel James Harvey Blood. A genuine radical, he had taken Victoria's eloquent pitch for the real thing, and wanted to meet her.

The advice he got was nothing if not startling. Victoria, after one fascinated look at the handsome gallant, went into a trance. The powers of the air spoke through her, announcing abruptly that she and Blood were going to be married.

Coming out of her trance, she was quite astonished when he reported to her what the spirits had said.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "one dare not defy the Other World."

Taking him by the hand, she led him into the bedroom and let him show her his five wounds, none of which, fortunately, interfered in the slightest with his abilities as a cavalier.

Victoria found those abilities considerable, and accepted Blood as her lover. He left his family to travel with her and the Claflins to Chicago. Victoria's husband went along as male governess to their two children. While in Chicago Victoria and Blood divorced their respective mates, but didn't bother to marry each other. Woodhull dropped out of Victoria's life in an alcoholic haze.

His replacement, having more influence over Victoria, did not find a ready welcome among the Claflins. Victoria's mother disapproved of his sincere radicalism. She felt that Blood was distracting Victoria from the much more profitable rewards of spiritualism and prostitution. And she resented the money that her daughter

gave to her lover. Blood, in turn, treated Mrs. Claflin with contempt and often threatened to hit her.

But he did not object, any more than her husband had, to Victoria's horizontal brand of spiritualism. He even began to write her speeches for her, making it perfectly clear to audiences just what she considered her sexual freedom to consist in. Victoria would praise the urges of the body, ridiculing bluenoses who pleaded for chastity. If outraged citizens tried to deny her a hall, Victoria shrilled to the world that she was being persecuted and silenced for advocating "women's rights."

Chicago's Harrison Street, where she and Tennie rented a house, was soon one of the city's most popular haunts. Neighbors blew the whistle, charging the girls with selling more than seances. The police, lacking proof, charged them with fraudulent fortune-telling. Victoria decided that it might be time to carry the word—and the mattresses—to Pittsburgh.

IT WAS HERE, in the summer of 1868, that the shade of Demosthenes appeared to thirty-year-old Victoria in one of her trances, advising her that a great destiny awaited her at 17 Great Jones Street, near Broadway, in New York City. She did, indeed, find a furnished house for rent at this address, and leased it.

When her lover and family joined her there, she told them that the spirits had divulged a bold plan involving the richest and most powerful man in New York. "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, then seventy-two, was known to have only two interests outside of making fortunes—sexy females, and charlatans with bizarre cures for the ailments of advanced age.

"I think Tennie and I are just what the poor dear man needs," Victoria told her family. "Father, put on your best suit and escort us to Mr. Vanderbilt's mansion in Washington Place. You will present us as famous magnetic healers from the Midwest."

Victoria had judged her man shrewdly. Vanderbilt not only consented to see them at once, but came to a quick boil over their charms. Turning the distasteful job over to Tennie, who could find fun in any kind of sex play, Victoria assured Vanderbilt that her sister possessed the power of transferring energy by the skillful touch of her hands.

Dr. Tennie swiftly convinced her new patient of her remarkably effective bedside manner. The thrilled billionaire promptly installed her in his bed to keep her available for daily (and nightly) treatments. Victoria nurtured this arrangement for eighteen months, seeing to it that the lewd old Midas received and paid fat weekly "medical" bills.

But Jim Blood made his mistress realize that she wasn't making the most of her opportunity. "Tell the old boy he's got to set you and Tennie up in your own brokerage house," he advised, "or Tennie gets herself a new patient!"

"Women stock brokers?" The thought was a little stunning even for Victoria. "But what man would do business with us?"

"What man *wouldn't*—if word got around that the silent partner of Woodhull, Claflin and Company was none other than the Wolf of Wall Street, Cornelius Vanderbilt himself?"

The new brokerage house opened its doors in January, 1870. Blood's prediction proved accurate. Business boomed so rapidly that the sisters were forced to take larger quarters at 44 Broad Street, right in the heart of Wall Street. During the first week 7,000 visitors jammed past a uniformed doorman to place orders with, or gawk at, the "Bewitching Brokers" or the "Vanderbilt Protèges," as the press called them.

To keep out the curiosity-seekers, Victoria put a notice next to an oil painting of Vanderbilt in the outer lobby: "All gentlemen will state their business and then retire at once."

Hundreds of speculators transferred their accounts to Woodhull, Claflin and Company in the hope that the lady brokers would pass along advance notice of stock market manipulations planned by Vanderbilt. When reporters pressed Tennie about this possibility, she replied coyly, "Commodore Vanderbilt is my friend, but I won't say anything more concerning the matter."

Whether or not the customers profited from stock tips by Vanderbilt is questionable. But there is no doubt that the lady brokers did. In three years the firm showed a net profit of $750,000. History is cloudy as to how much of this resulted from the rise and fall of the market, and how much from the rise and fall of bedsheets. But whatever the sisters were selling, they proved successful traders.

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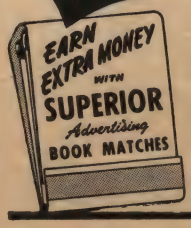

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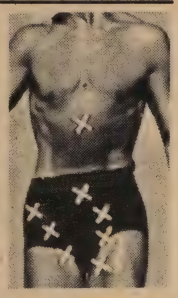

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When a reporter questioned her about her plans, Victoria threw a bombshell. "While others argued the equality of woman with man, I proved it by successfully engaging in business," she told *New York Herald* readers. "I therefore claim the right to speak for the unenfranchised women of the country, and believing as I do that the prejudices which still exist in the popular mind against women in public life will soon disappear, *I now announce myself as candidate for the Presidency!"*

The astonished reporter had stammered, "But women can't vote, Mrs. Woodhull. How do you expect to win the male vote?"

She had subtly drawn closer until their bodies touched. "By promising," she smiled, "to do everything in my power to see that their natural body urges are satisfied."

The reporter's hair rose two inches as he made a mental note to beg the editor to let him cover Mrs. Woodhull's campaign.

JIM BLOOD started the ball rolling for his mistress by introducing her to Stephen P. Andrews, a brilliant anarchist who had devised a movement called Pantarchy. This called for complete sex freedom for the individual; world government; a universal language; Woman Suffrage; shorter skirts; abolition of the death penalty; spiritualism; birth control; legalized prostitution; state upbringing of children; vegetarianism; improved labor and housing laws; and easier divorce.

Blood and Andrews joined forces to make Victoria the voice and candidate of Pantarchy. For many years thereafter they wrote her speeches, and articles which appeared under her name. Victoria was delighted to have such brilliant, well-educated ghost writers. Using their brilliance, she began winning nation-wide attention and admiration.

It should not be supposed, however, that Victoria was simply a mouthpiece for Blood and Andrews. She did not use their brains exclusively. If any other point of view seemed spectacular enough to catch public attention, she never hesitated to add that to her stock in trade. And she had a neat flair for dressing up any dull idea with a sexy touch.

To further her fight for the Presidency, she and Tennie became publishers of a five-cent paper they called *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. They reached a circulation of 20,000, good for those days, by offering such boob-shockery as the first English version of "The Communist Manifesto," plus practical advice for lady readers on do-it-yourself abortions.

But Victoria made her greatest impact with personal appearances. Audiences thrilled to the spectacle of this beautiful creature with the hour-glass figure, reputed to be revolutionary and whore as well as financier, publisher and Presidential candidate, who shocked the pants and bloomers off them with her bold talk about everybody's right to sexual freedom.

One way or another, sex got into her speeches. When the American Association of Spiritualists elected her their president, they asked her to address them on the subject, "Why Do We Die?" Victoria told her audience, "All disease could be eliminated by freely operating body magnetism. Best results are obtained if operator and subject are of opposite sexes."

Speaking about freedom at the Spiritualists' Camp Meeting in Vineland, New Jersey, Victoria shouted, "The worst enemies of freedom are those who talk about 'sexual license' as a scarecrow to frighten you out of your freedom to live as you please. Why shouldn't you be promiscuous if you want to? What is it to anyone else whether I choose to live on fish or flesh?"

But Victoria did more than just talk and write against convention. She and Tennie shocked Delmonico's one night by showing up unescorted and demanding service. When Delmonico himself told Victoria she could not possibly be served without a male escort, she sent Tennie out to bring back a cab driver.

Victoria Woodhull enjoyed having tongues wag about her—and wag they did. In the early part of her life, notoriety represented fame, importance, power—all the things she had so hungered for as a child. But wheth-

er she fully realized it or not, her brash crusade was not without genuine public profit.

She forced Americans to talk openly about things they publicly pretended to abhor, but secretly practiced. She broke the hypocritical taboo against sex discussion, and helped millions of young people learn the facts of life. Her championship of free love made police officials hesitate before prosecuting sexually unconventional women along with prostitutes.

VICTORIA won the ear and support of an influential Congressman from Massachusetts, General Benjamin Franklin Butler. He was an ardent advocate of equal rights for women. This was ironic since, as military governor of New Orleans after the Civil War, he had offended the city's belles. When they turned their backs on him in public, Butler had simply grunted, "These women know which end of them looks best."

Through Butler, Victoria was invited to Washington to throw a pitch for Woman Suffrage to Congress, via the House Judiciary Committee. It was a triumph of the highest proportions, since no leader of the Woman Suffrage Movement had been so honored. Top suffragettes, who until then had considered her a brazen hussy, were forced to invite her to address their own convention.

The Suffrage Association split into pro- and anti-Victoria factions. Some leaders felt it was disgraceful to tarnish their cause by associating it with so infamous a woman. Susan B. Anthony replied defiantly, "I'd welcome all the infamous women in New York if they would make speeches for freedom!"

Returning to New York, Victoria tried to consolidate her gains by inviting to her home Mrs. Lillie Blake, the State Association president, and her husband. Unfortunately Tennie, who was present, couldn't resist exercising her whorish talents on Mr. Blake, under his wife's outraged eyes.

That night Mr. Blake caught hell.

"Well, Lillie, my dear," he drawled, "if you will take me to a house where there are not chairs enough to sit on, so that a pretty plump young lady with nothing on but a Mother Hubbard comes and sits on the arm of my chair and leans over me, you must expect me to put my arm around her."

That ended all Victoria's hope of support from Mrs. Blake. She decided to go over the heads of the Suffrage leaders and make a grandstand play for rank-and-file acclaim. Hiring Apollo Hall, she shouted that unless Congress gave women the vote, she would lead an open revolution.

"We mean treason; we mean secession; and on a thousand times grander scale than was that of the South. We are plotting revolution. We will overthrow this bogus Republic!"

This won her the headlines she wanted, and some editorials began to consider the possibility of a woman in the White House. Then Victoria pulled a boner. Her alcoholic ex-husband, sick and threadbare, showed up begging for help. She took him in to look after their two children. Her lover, Colonel Blood, had no objections, even when Victoria let Woodhull share their bedroom. But this was too much for her mother.

Mrs. Claflin snapped her indignation at Jim Blood, whom she had always hated. He warned her to shut up or risk being spanked. She ran to the police, charging assault and battery.

"I CALL HEAVEN to witness," she babbled hysterically, "that there's the worst gang of free lovers in that house on Thirty-eighth Street that ever lived—Colonel Blood, Stephen Andrews, Dr. Woodhull and the rest of them trash!"

That was all the press needed. The courtroom was jammed with reporters.

All the dirty Claflin wash flapped in the wind of public glee. Blood was asked if it were true that he, Woodhull and Victoria all shared the same bedroom, and refused to reply. Victoria and Tennie both testified in favor of Blood, against their mother. Tennie accused her mother of having enslaved her since childhood to support the Claflin clan.

She said, "I have humbugged people, I know. But if I did it, it was to make money to keep these deadheads!"

Woodhull testified that it was actually Mrs. Claflin who threatened Blood.

The case against Victoria's lover was dismissed. But the scandal rocked the country. One editor pointed out that if Victoria were elected President, the country would have to pay for three beds in the White House—or one large enough to hold three. Another paper declared archly, "If Mrs. Woodhull becomes our next Presi-

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dent, we may expect to see a wholesale recall from Washington of all ambassadors past the age of sexual vigor."

The scandal was too much for most suffragette leaders, who withdrew their support. They were used to being called "undersexed," but to be considered "over-sexed," because of association with the Claflin sisters, was more than they could endure.

Furious, Victoria used her weekly to lash back at her detractors for their hypocrisy. She claimed political persecution, charging that there were much juicier scandals than her own begging to be exposed.

"At this very moment," she declared indignantly, "awful and herculean efforts are being made to suppress the most terrific scandal in a neighboring city which has ever astounded and convulsed any community!"

The scandal to which she referred involved the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, brother of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," noted abolitionist, supporter of women's rights, and nationally famous as an orator and lecturer. The highest-paid preacher in America, he was married and had nine children. He was also a strongly sexed man with a flair for seducing members of his flock.

Victoria knew, through gossip, that Beecher was committing adultery with the wife of his young friend and disciple, Theodore Tilton, editor of *Golden Age Magazine*. Elizabeth Tilton had confessed to her husband, after the affair had gone on for a year and a half. She tearfully explained that Beecher had assured her that their sex acts were not sinful. Tilton, fearful of scandal, had kept quiet, allowing the affair to go on.

Now, suddenly, Victoria summoned Tilton to her office and told him she knew about the whole affair. "You and Beecher are among those who publicly condemn offenses against morality," she accused, "while he sleeps with your wife, and you condone it! Why should *I*, then, be held up as a frightful example of sin?"

Tilton begged her not to blow the whistle publicly. He hinted that it might be possible to throw the support of both Beecher and his own magazine behind her candidacy. This was precisely the blackmail Victoria had intended. She agreed to hold off exposing the scandal until she had visited Tilton's home, met his wife, and also the Reverend Beecher.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT was just one more fantastic episode in the already fantastic life of Victoria Woodhull. She began to sleep with Theodore Tilton. At thirty-three she was still a luscious morsel, but historians tend to believe that her young lover's attentions were largely offered in the hope of shutting her up.

Then, in an even wilder development, Victoria met and began to sleep with the Reverend Beecher himself. This had its comic overtones, because her primary purpose was to make him lend her his political support, while his aim was to soften her into keeping the scandal out of print.

She offered her price: He was to appear on the platform with her at Steinway Hall to introduce her for a speech on free love which she was scheduled to make. Horrified, he got on his knees and wept that this would ruin him, begging to be let off the hook. He finally promised, however, that Tilton would introduce her and give her the support of the *Golden Age*.

Tilton obediently complied.

At the meeting a heckler shouted at Victoria, "Are you a free lover?"

She shouted back defiantly, "Yes! I *am* a free lover! I have an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may, to love as long or as short a period as I can, to change that love every day if I please!"

Half of her listeners cheered. The others booed.

Some time later a *Chicago Times* reporter asked Victoria bluntly if she and Tilton had been lovers.

"Of course," she replied. "We were so enamored and infatuated with each other that for the first three months we were hardly out of each other's

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sight day or night. He slept every night for three months, in my arms. We were devoted, true and faithful lovers."

On September 11, 1872, she blew the whistle on the Beecher-Tilton scandal, naming names. There was a shocked uproar when she accused Beecher of preaching every Sunday to his mistress, sitting in smug respectability in their pews.

No newspaper dared carry the story. Stunned by this cowardly conspiracy of silence, Victoria revived the *Weekly* with Tennie and Blood, for the express purpose of devoting a whole issue to the scandal.

That spectacular issue stood the nation on its head. Over 100,000 copies were swiftly sold, and they became so sought after that up to forty dollars apiece was paid for the five cent-papers.

The forces of outraged respectability sprang into action. Their target was not the Reverend Beecher, but Victoria Woodhull. Anthony Comstock, self-appointed guardian of public morals, forced the United States District Attorney to arrest Victoria and Tennie for sending obscene printed matter through the mails.

Victoria, enjoying the sensation she had caused, refused to pay the bail of $8,000 apiece, and she and Tennie were sent to the Ludlow Street Jail to await trial.

During the six months of their confinement the election of 1872 was held. Not Victoria, but Ulysses S. Grant went to the White House.

At her trial Victoria's old supporter, Congressman Butler, came North to testify in her defense.

Several months later Victoria met a shy, idealistic, nineteen-year-old boy named Bennie Tucker, who was secretary of the New England Free Love League. Hiring him to manage her lectures, she murmured, "Do you know, I should dearly love to sleep with you?"

Confused, he told her he'd had no experience in that line. The notion of such an innocent being an official of a Free Love League delighted her.

She seduced him, laughing, "After all, you really ought to know what you're fighting for!"

Bennie Tucker, down to 116 pounds, fled for the hills.

The Beecher-Tilton scandal, meanwhile, flared anew. Beecher's supporters accused Tilton of slandering Beecher through Victoria, and threw him out of their church. Tilton fought back by sueing Beecher for $100,000 for alienation of his wife's affections. After a 112-day battle, the case ended in a hung jury.

The notoriety cost Beecher his secret hopes of being a Presidential candidate himself. But it sent his lecture fees skyrocketing to $1,000 a night.

"Now we know," one newspaper editorialized ironically, "what is meant by the wages of sin."

SHORTLY afterward Victoria discovered that her lover, Colonel Blood, was jumping in and out of love with other women. This so outraged the apostle of free love that she threw him out of her house and life.

Now thirty-eight, weary of the battle, she began to yearn for peace and respectability. Discovering the Bible, she dumped free love as a lecture subject, and sought to discourse on the Scriptures. Her popularity nosedived as, instead of being considered shocking, she began to be regarded as a shocking bore.

Lecturing in London, Victoria intrigued an aristocratic banker named John Biddulph Martin, who was thirty-six to her thirty-nine.

His parents, who had read about Victoria in scandal sheets, were appalled at the idea of the marriage. It took Victoria six years to convince them that she had been horribly lied about, and had really always been chaste. Finally, in 1883, Victoria became Mrs. J. B. Martin.

For the next eighteen years she kept her poor husband busy filing lawsuits for libel against all publishers who referred to her bawdy past.

When her husband died in 1897, Victoria once more felt her old urge to crusade for public attention. She turned over a portion of her estate as a college where young ladies could study—of all things—agriculture. She established a spiritualist salon, and England's first progressive kindergarden.

In 1912 she offered $5,000 for the first flight across the Atlantic. She joined Tennie—who had married a wealthy Englishman and become Lady Cook.

Tennie died in 1923. Four years later, at the age of ninety, Virginia Claflin Woodhull Blood Martin did not wake up in the rocking chair where she preferred to sleep nights. It will be a long time before America sees her fantastic like again. ■

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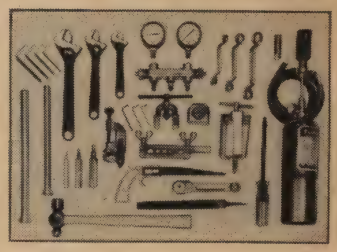

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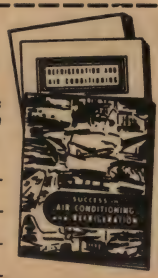

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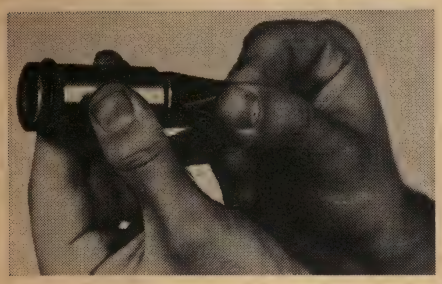

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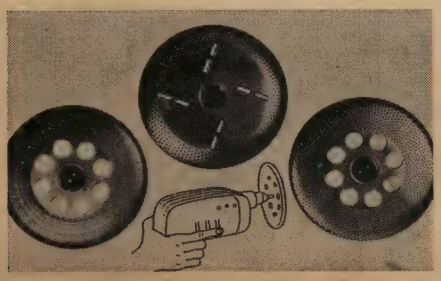

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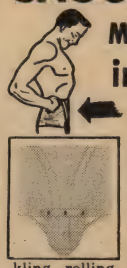

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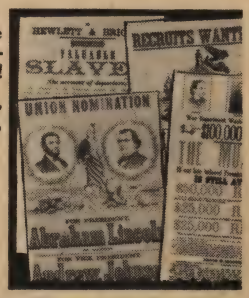

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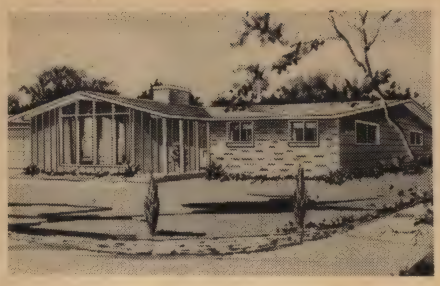

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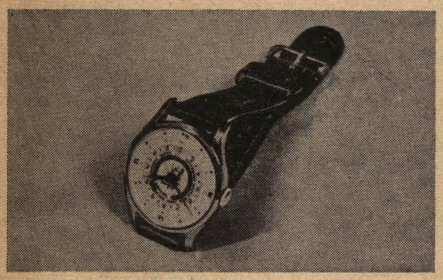

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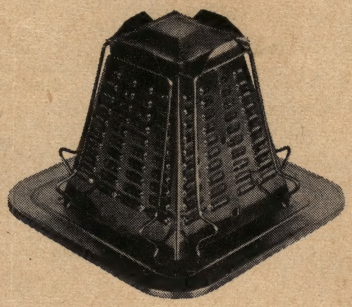

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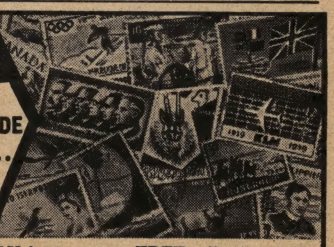

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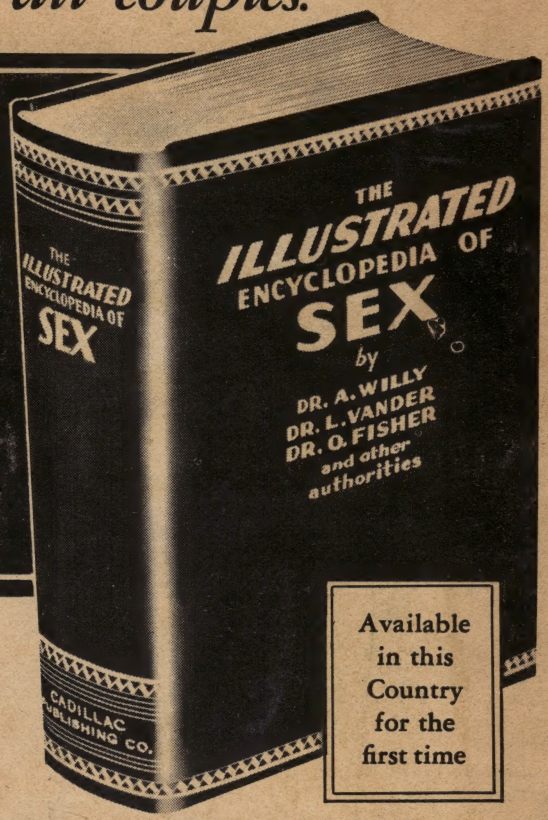

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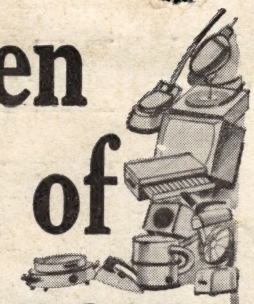
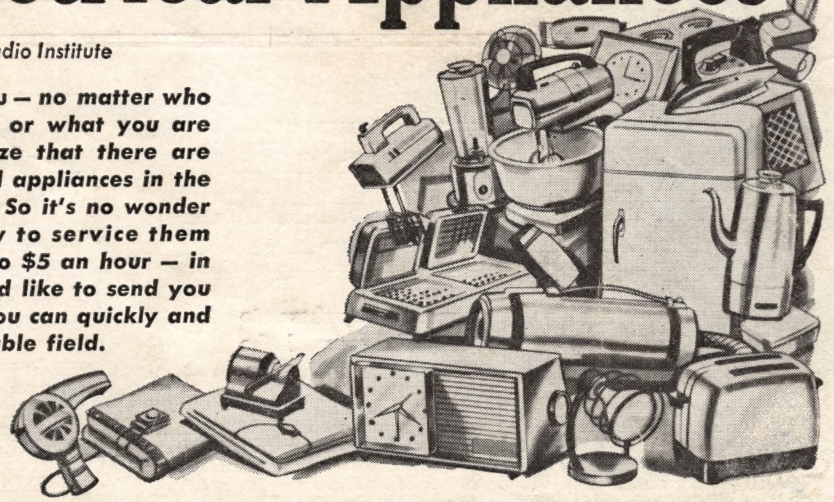


By J. M. Smith *President, National Radio Institute*

And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making $3 to $5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



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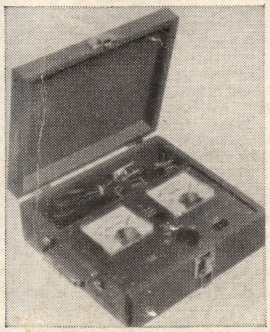

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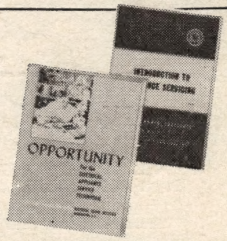

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Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show exceptional earnings.

EARNINGS

Exceptional earnings grossed show the possibilities attainable in this business. A Louisiana man wrote: "My average earnings past 3 years about $150 a week; last 3 months as much as $250 weekly." Ohio man's report: "A business man said to me, 'This thing has caught the whole city on fire.' For the first 30 days I worked, I earned $1343.00" A Tennessee man: "Last year, my average built up to $200 a week by December, but my earnings January reached $1,000 net." Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worth-while future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. Some of our top men have made over a thousand sales each on which they earned up to $60 per sale and more. Many of these sales were repeat business. Yet they had never done anything like this before coming to us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

Not a "Gadget"— Not a "Knick-Knack"—

but a valuable, proved device which has been sold successfully by business novices as well as seasoned veterans.

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence — by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for $11 which formerly could have cost them over $200. A building supply corporation pays our man $70, whereas the bill could have been for $1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative $15, whereas the expense could have been over $1,000. A department store has expense of $88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over $2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a $30 order, your minimum share is $20. On $1,500 worth of business, your share can be $1,100.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth $6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth $67.00—in other words two-thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. *If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded*—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade — a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—*that is a necessity* but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—*that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time*—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, *get in touch with us at once* for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, *use the coupon* . . . . but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now.

Address

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Dept. 6210J, Mobile, Ala.

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